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APRIL, 1954
TWO SHILLINGS

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Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

BRITANNIA and Eve

VOL. 48. NO. 4

APRIL

1954

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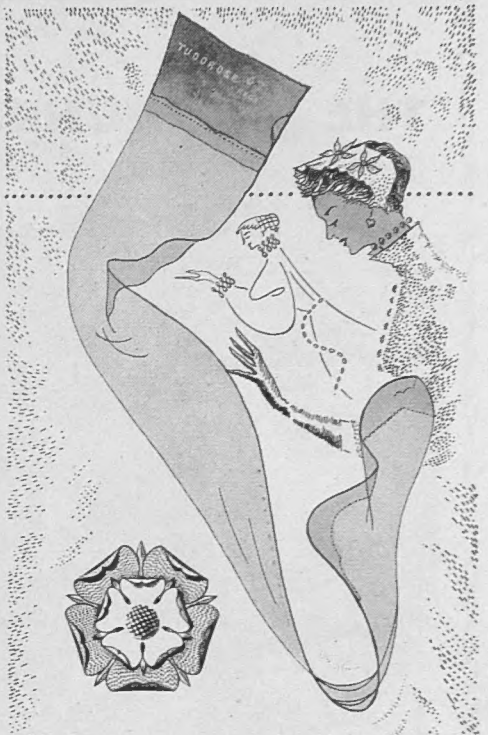

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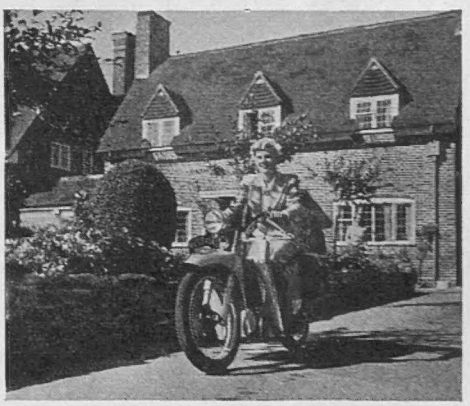

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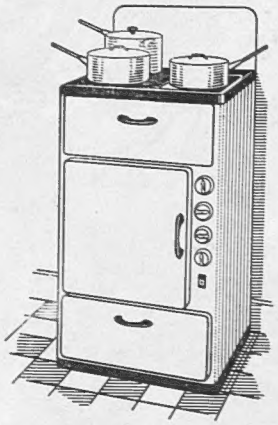

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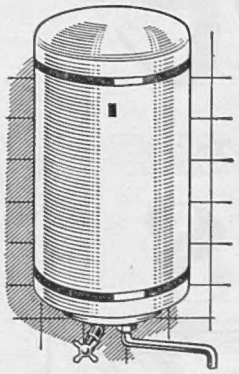

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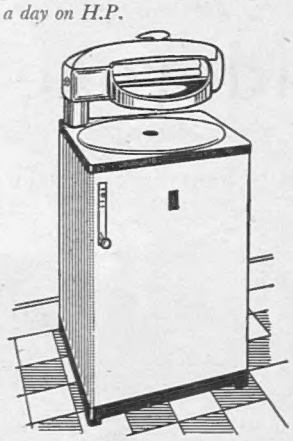

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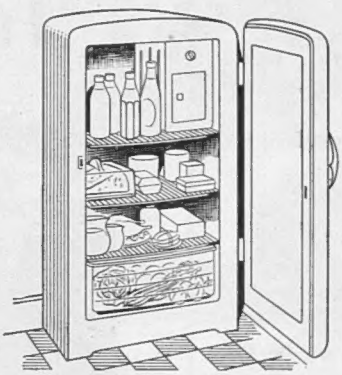

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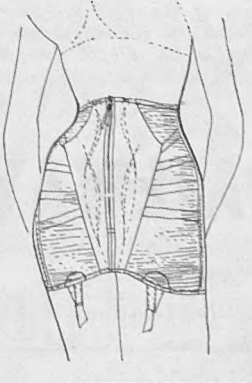

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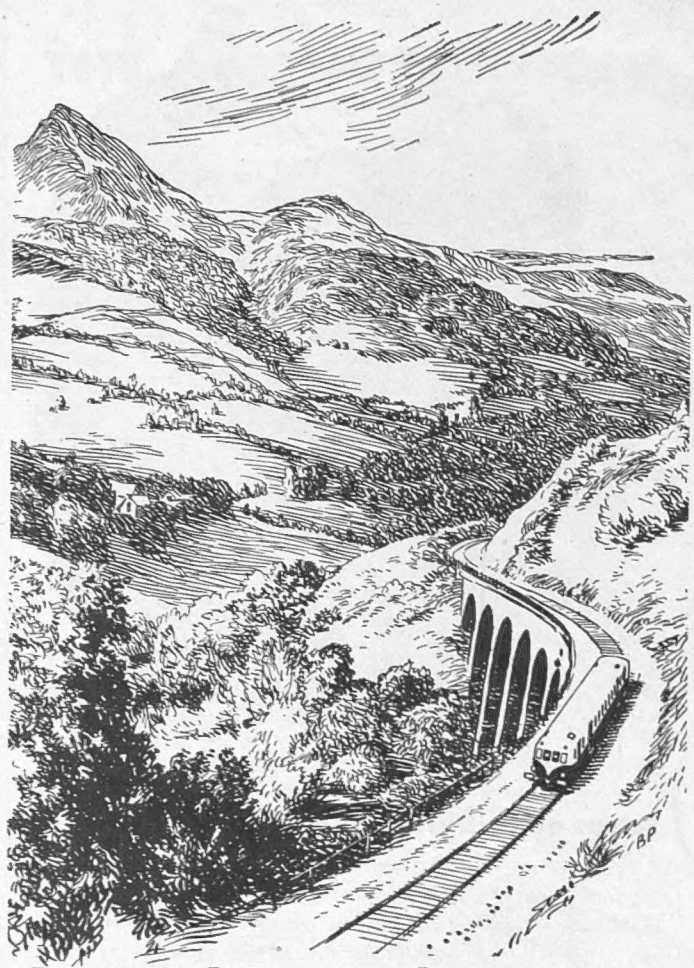

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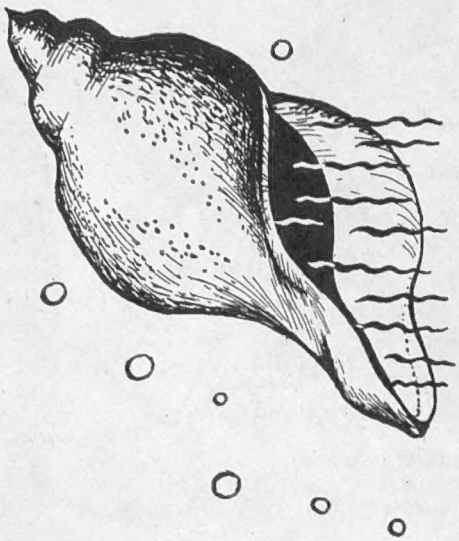

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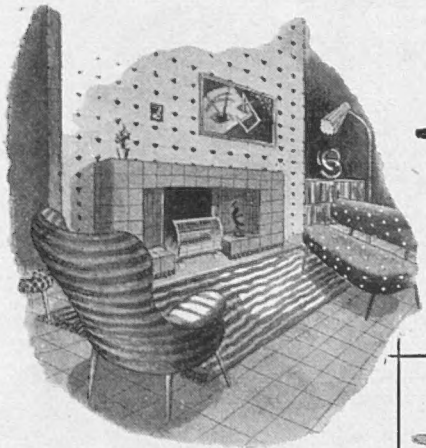

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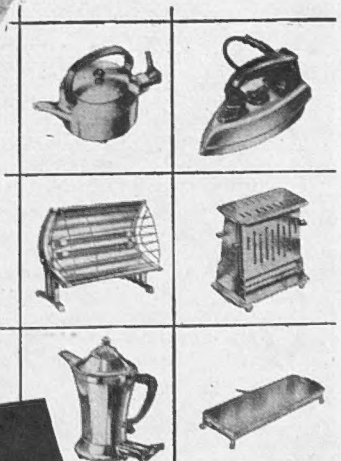

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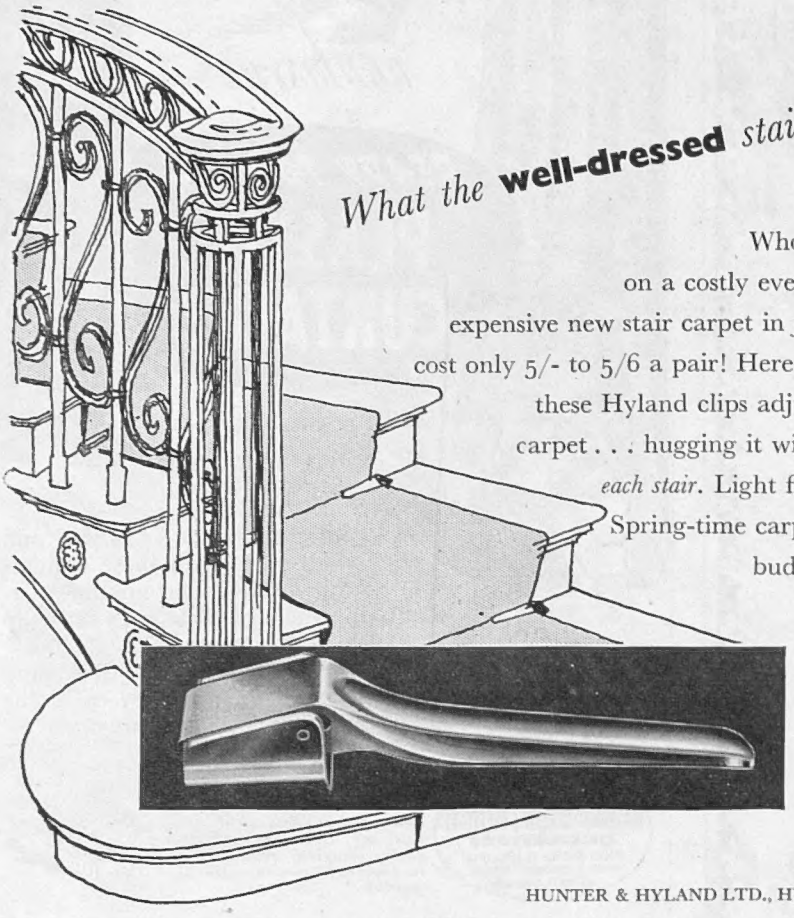

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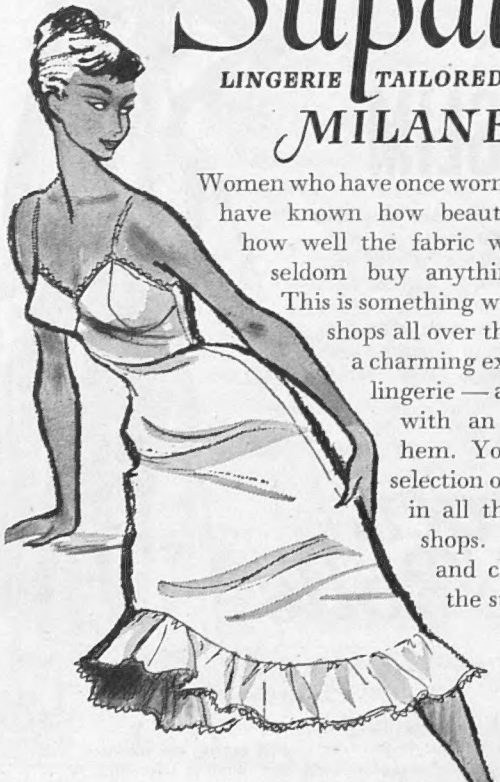

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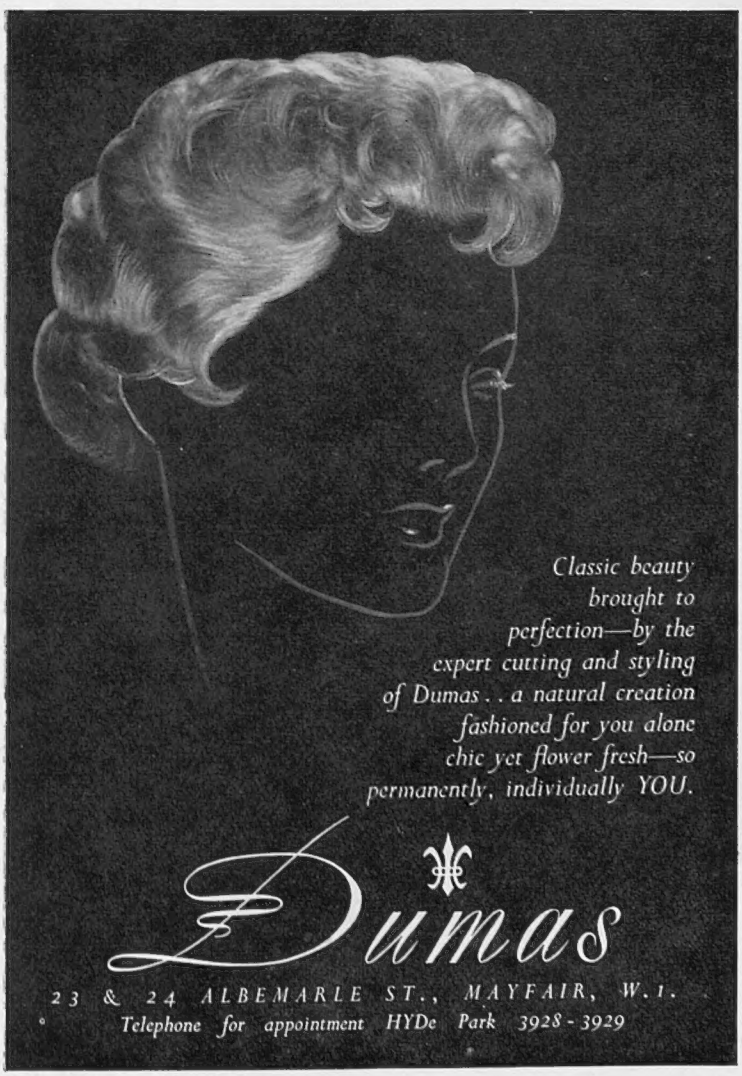

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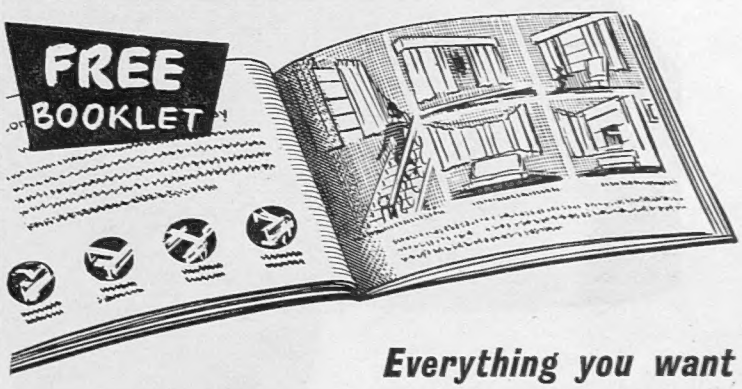

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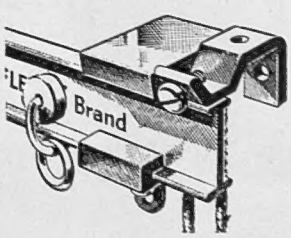

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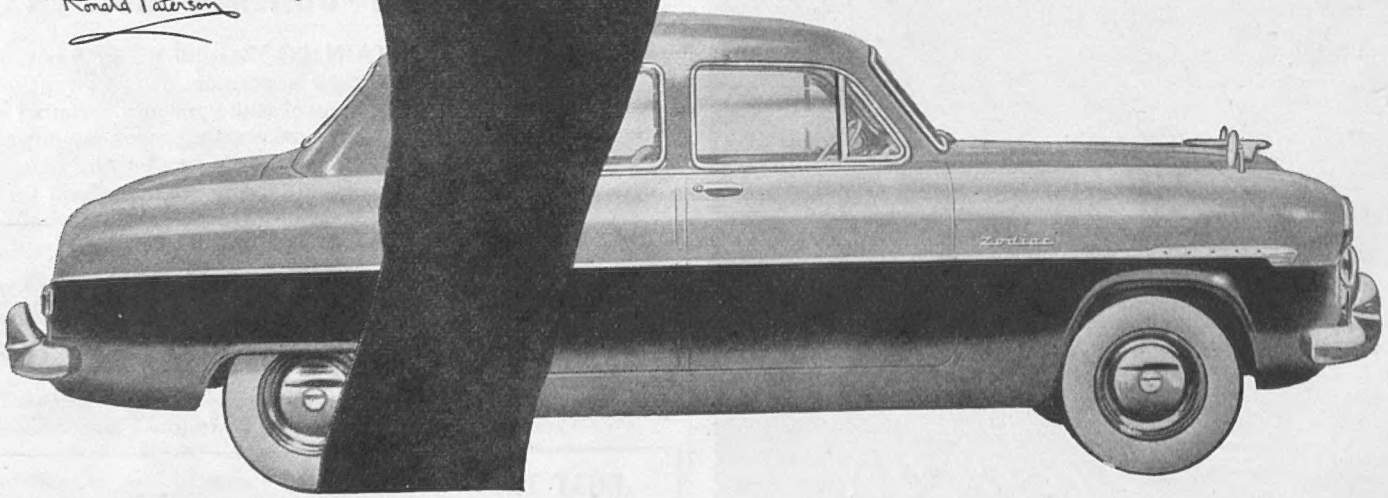


Harriet and the Hayden

By

LAURENCE THOMPSON

Illustrations by COLEMAN

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

MRS. BIXHAM sang very sweetly, and with more martial spirit than showed in her round face and dumpy figure. Only she wished that the clouds *would* unfold, and let an elderly lady, whose eyesight was now more faded than her will, see the target clearly.

Alison had called Janet a daft clot at lunch, which meant that, despite Mrs. Bixham's veto, they had been talking to Lana Allen again. And although Mrs. Bixham herself had suggested that the Institute should embroider a tapestry of the village's history—for she alone seemed to know that the village had a history, and an interesting one—tapestry-work undoubtedly left mind and tongue free for a certain amount of gossip. "Mrs. Allen. Mrs. Allen. Mrs. Allen," Mrs. Bixham heard as she went from group to group collecting tea-money and checking names for

"Would you like to come to tea?" Mrs. Bixham asked, hardly knowing what made her say it, except her dislike of the other woman

the annual outing. Mrs. Sevington, as usual, was the worst offender. "Mrs. Allen," said Mrs. Sevington in the forthright way which she cultivated like a prize marrow, "does get under your skin. Looking at you with that 'I 'm as good as you are' air. I mean, one doesn't, if one really *is*. I 've forbidden my children to speak to that brat of hers."

Mrs. Sevington looked pointedly at Mrs. Bixham, who felt both guilty on behalf of Alison and Janet, and, paradoxically, pleased that they had disobeyed her. She also thought that Mrs. Sevington, as unnecessarily as Mrs. Allen, assumed an "I 'm better than you are" air; but this thought she put quickly from her, for she tried to be charitable.

Forty years ago, when Harriet Bixham first came to live in the old Rectory with her husband, one's way to building Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land had seemed reasonably clear. There was no Mrs. Allen, nor even a Mrs. Sevington. There were instead a score of cottages spread about the green and the weed-grown duck-pond, many of them as insanitary as they were picturesque. One tried to get the council to provide cesspools, one nursed the babies sick of diphtheria, took soup to the elderly in winter, and had a word with the Rector, who had a word with Jack Fryer, about the high proportion of his wages Jack was spending in the Swan while his two girls stayed away from school for lack of shoes.

Then old Lord Wooling died, his estate was sold, and people like Mrs. Sevington came to live in the cottages. They hung up horse-brasses and scoured generations of whitewash from the beams; or, if there were no beams, painted a few in. Their husbands went up to town every day on the electrified railway, and they themselves shopped by telephone at one of the big stores. Nevertheless, everyone tried to make them feel at home. But when, after the war, part of the estate had been scheduled for "development," and little houses sprang up there, clean and simple enough in their lines though undeniably "boxy," no one had fought harder against the revolution than Mrs. Sevington and her friends.

Mrs. Allen lived in one of the new houses. Mrs. Bixham lived not far away, no longer in the Rectory since her husband died, but in a tiny Georgian house which Lord Wooling's bailiff had once occupied before the Home Farm became a preparatory school. The house had a wall of sunset-coloured brick and a bed of sweet williams by the carved, white-painted portico of the front door.

MRS. BIXHAM liked to feel that, despite changing times, a rector's widow had almost as important a part to play in the community as a rector's wife. The new rector, who had no wife to keep him in order, courteously but firmly tried to persuade her otherwise. There were, he pointed out, paid welfare officers with degrees in social science to look after people now, and amateurs, however well-intentioned, were likely to do more harm than good.

Mrs. Bixham had doubts, though she dared not say so, about the paid welfare officers. The district nurse, who was out working for rather longer than fitted conveniently into the coalmen's eight-hour day, had just fought an arduous battle with the no doubt socially scientific girl in the fuel office at Winaton over arranging special deliveries, and would have gone without coal if there had not been Mrs. Bixham's meagre store to borrow from. But Mrs. Bixham dreaded being thought an old bore, always rambling on about "the good old days." She felt as young in spirit as the new rector was in years, bless his innocent heart, so she tried to find little ways of adding a useful brick or two to Jerusalem, not just waiting with piously folded hands to join her husband.

Mrs. Sevington, while finding Mrs. Allen's misdeeds a perennially interesting topic of conversation, ignored Mrs. Allen's physical presence. Mrs. Bixham, however, had called on Mrs. Allen in a neighbourly way, to say that a friend was near if help was ever needed. Nobody was in, and she could not resist just the tiniest peep through the front-room window. A house left empty when visitors were not expected, she knew, provided a better clue to its occupants' character than a house swept and garnished for public inspection. Mrs. Allen's was *horrible*. There were dirty plates and some milk in a bottle on the cloth-less table; broken toys all over the floor; a sewing-machine and unmended stockings piled in an overstuffed chair far too large for the room. And just as Mrs. Bixham was standing on tiptoe to see what

the mess was in the corner, a voice behind her said: "What do you think you 're doing, might I ask ? "

Mrs. Bixham went very red, but retained her dignity. Mrs. Allen also went red, but had no dignity to maintain. She was a skinny woman, probably anæmic, who might have been any age between thirty and fifty. Her nose and chin were as sharp as her voice, which was permanently attuned to a shrill tone of complaint. "Impertinent snooping," she said. "Interfering old cat." And when Mrs. Bixham sought to explain that in the old days the rector's wife was looked upon as the helper and guardian of her female flock, "I 'm as good as you are, we don't need none of your district visiting *here*."

Altogether a painful experience, which made Harriet Bixham flush still when she thought of it. Perhaps she was an impertinent busybody. Perhaps she ought not to care that her neighbour's house was a sordid mess, and that Lana Allen was turned out to run wild all day while Mrs. Allen and her brother went to work at one of the new factories on the Winaton road.

But when Mrs. Bixham's two granddaughters came to stay, the problem of Mrs. Allen assumed a personal importance.

Alison and Janet were town-dwellers; they took to the country with the immoderate zest of colts kicking up their heels in a springtime meadow; which was why Mrs. Bixham's daughter-in-law would gladly have curtailed what she called to her husband, "This nonsensical spoiling by your mother." But Mrs. Bixham lived for the visit, with that anticipation which can be understood only by those who have poured out the best years of their lives on children, and now live alone.

Mrs. Bixham tried to keep Alison and Janet happily occupied, without too much discipline, but an hour of their radiant and energetic company made her feel very, very old. Sometimes she left them alone, and one day, to her horror, she saw Alison, who was six, hitting Janet, who was five, with a stick, and calling her a soppy old thing. The voice was the voice of Alison, but the action and accent were unmistakably those of Lana Allen.

Mrs. Bixham spent several sleepless nights over it. She knew that if Alison and Janet returned to their mother with habits and language acquired from Lana Allen, they were unlikely to come again. And her daughter-in-law would be right, for Lana's habits were nasty. But should children be cloistered from the world's harshness quite as much as Alison and Janet were at home ? And hadn't one some responsibility to Lana Allen ? If she taught bad habits to others, wasn't there the chance that they might teach good habits to her ? Or was that Mrs. Bixham's incurable sentimentality, about which her husband had so often—and so gently—chided her ?

Perhaps it was. Perhaps for Alison and Janet's sake, if not for her own, she ought to play safe. Consorting with Lana Allen, therefore, became a forbidden thing. But at lunchtime Alison had called Janet a daft clot, and then blushed very red.

"IF anyone took any notice of *me*," Mrs. Sevington said sweetly, attaching herself to Mrs. Bixham after the Institute meeting, "the N.S.P.C.C. would be called in, and that child would be packed off to a home. Can I give you a lift in my car, dear ? "

"Thank you, it 's very kind of you," Mrs. Bixham murmured, wishing she could think of a reason for declining which would not sound impolite, and wondering, not for the first time, whether the hypocrisy of civilised intercourse really did make the wheels (*Continued on page 76.*)

If you are living alone and loathing it, why not take a leaf from DOROTHY DALY'S book? She has found the happy way of enjoying her own company

A Lovely Lonely Life!

THE rambling house where I grew up had three attics. The first two were used for storing apples, jam, musical instruments and an assortment of junk. The third, the end room of the three, dilapidated and apart, I made my playroom retreat.

I was five when I entered into possession of this domain ; it was my castle, my ivory tower, and there on wet days and in school holidays I spent the greater part of my leisure playing with my dolls in early days; and later, ploughing my way, industrious bookworm that I was, through endless books both good and bad.

Homework came more easily in the attic, letters seemed to write themselves when I sat at the old kitchen table I had appropriated as my desk. There, savouring my own company, I dwelt happily alone.

In later years, endeavouring, sometimes with indifferent success, to share my life with others, my thoughts went back to that whitewashed attic where I first learned to distinguish between loneliness and being alone.

Just the same, and unlike Abou Ben Adhem, I *do* like my fellow creatures. The more so because living alone as I do now from choice, I can escape from them, from their niceness and their occasional nastiness and, regarding them from a safe distance, put them into the right perspective, returning to them a little later, or a lot later, with greater warmth and much greater understanding.

I live alone because I like it, and to any woman who is not making a success of it I say, wake up, you 're missing something.

Liking my own company does not exclude me from sympathy with others who have not cultivated this happy art. But there are many women living alone and loathing it who, though not finding much virtue in necessity, could still make a better job of it than they do.

I have known women, who, finding themselves (*Continued on page* 77.)

People

SINCE nobody is able to ask a pet how it likes being one, the pros and cons of keeping animals in the home have caused endless dispute. Is it cruel to keep pets? Or, are pets better off in homes than in the wild? Are pets instructive—or merely destructive, which many certainly are to some extent? These and other related questions have concerned everybody from scientists to householders.

One fact is certain. People like pets, by and large; children especially. And not just dogs, cats, parakeets and goldfish, either.

Not long ago there was a letter-writing contest for children. The prize was to be a tame skunk—a skunk from which had been removed what was resourcefully called its "opinion." Few takers were expected; in fact, it was feared perhaps nobody would compete since the prize was a skunk. More than 10,000 entries were received!

The discussion of pets which follows is based on a lifetime of experience with a great many kinds. It also includes a summary of opinions expressed by various naturalists and psychologists. So it may be regarded as fairly authoritative.

IN my own family we 've had dogs and cats galore, a skunk, rabbits and hamsters, a hundred sorts of fish, turtles, sheep, white mice and rats, birds of many kinds

By

PHILIP WYLIE

If most children's knowledge of donkeys is confined to donkey rides on the sands, there are other humbler pets which can prove equally fascinating and equally rewarding. Pride of possession should have no place in the ideal relationship between pet and owner, for the animal has fundamental lessons of life to teach, as well as something to learn from its master

There are psychologists and naturalists who believe that people should not keep pets . . . Do you?

and Pets

and a great many other beasties. Our cats have ranged from Persian to alley and our dogs from a Great Dane to Cockers.

It can be seen from this, then, that I am pro-pet. Indeed, it can be seen that my wife, daughter and I are the sort of people who will go to great lengths on behalf of pets. Nevertheless, in observing the behaviour of most people toward all other animals than the human, I have come to feel strongly not that pets are wrong in themselves, but that a great many people *don't know enough to have them.* Perhaps the word is don't *think* enough. For it is quite simple to find out the needs of any pet.

In this, the psychologists concur. It is a mistake— (*Continued on page* 79)

Centuries of association with man have conditioned cats and dogs to domestic life. Many a pet-owner can cap the instance of Mister, the terrier below, who has been taught to "sing" to the piano accompaniment of his owner

I had fun

by Mary Cosh

Digging up the Past

Excavating doesn't sound like an amusing pastime for a woman, but our contributor found searching for ruins in Greece had high entertainment value and was rewarding, too

ARCHÆOLOGISTS are generally thought to be romantic figures, and anybody who speaks of joining an excavation may be greeted by those maddening words, "Oh, that must be awfully interesting!" With what a tinge of envy people say it—and then ask how much one is paid. But on receiving the answer, "Nothing, usually—you probably pay to go," the question whether they could do it too mysteriously ceases to interest them.

So is perpetuated the legend of rich, bronzed archæologists idling in Arcadian surroundings, while teams of native labour dig out spectacular classical temples, until with an exclamation of excitement they leap into a trench and unearth with a little trowel a massive gold cup or a priceless sword.

Well, no doubt we would all like, with one turn of a spade, to uncover a Sutton Hoo ship burial. But no true archæologist is a mere "treasure-hunter"; and the truth is far from romantic, and very tiring, dirty, anxious, and much of it, like much of anything else, very dull. But afterwards, when one can see all the results put together—fascinating.

As for living on a dig . . . take, for example, last summer on Chios, a large Greek island off Asia Minor: with no railways, of course, and roads such as in England drivers might not venture their cars on. By a remote, tiny village with no piped water, no electricity or gas, for a month or two those products of Western civilisation, the members of the dig, have neither papers, radio (praise be!), nor even mail unless a visitor brings some from Athens; not much opportunity to wash (except in the sea), and not much inducement to stay up long after it is dark. Especially as they start work not long after it is light.

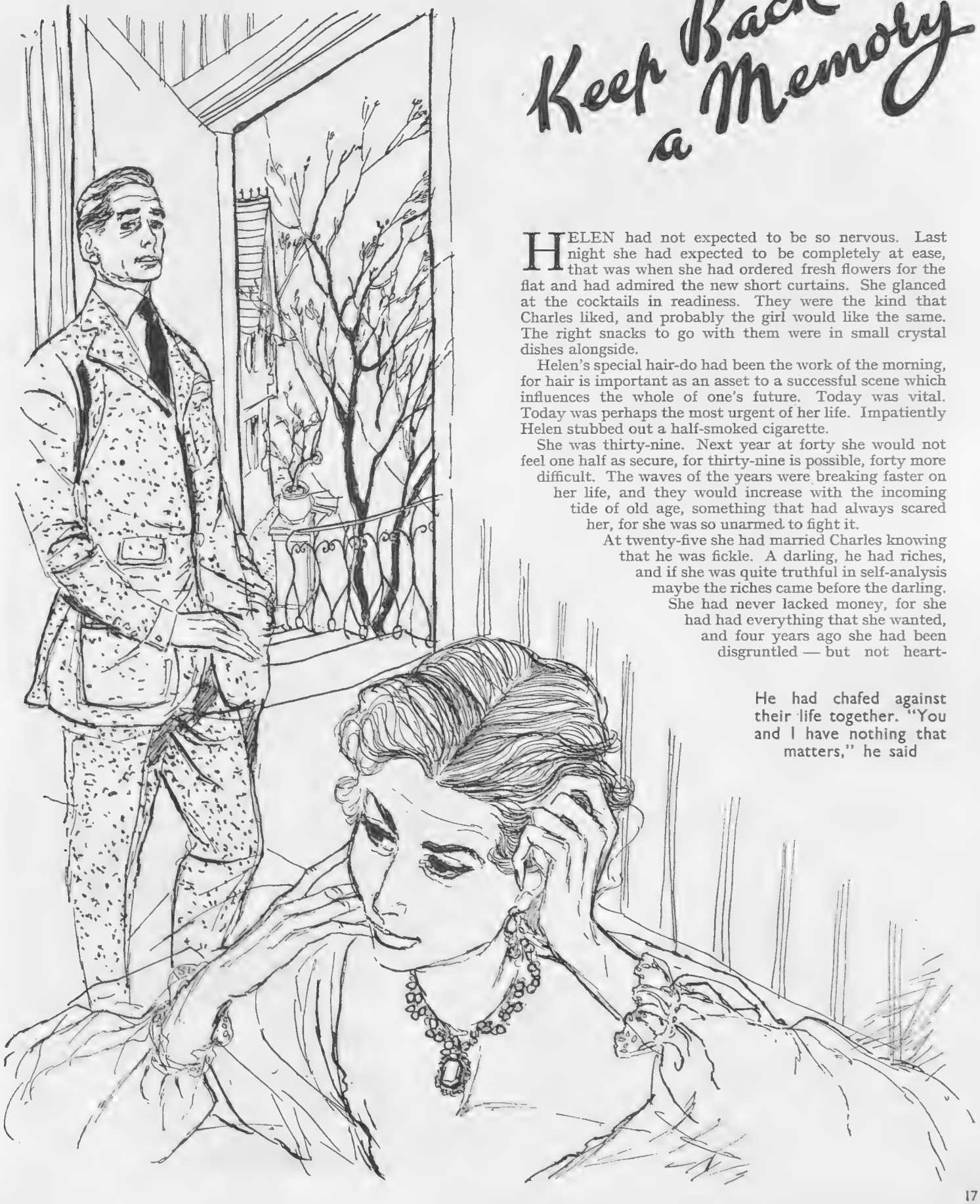
An interested property owner provided what was officially called the "dig house," with a common room, a kitchen with Primus, and another room for the finds, which rapidly overflowed; (*Continued on page* 80)

She was so unarmed to fight the increasing years and the girl who would steal her husband

By URSULA BLOOM

Illustrations by MICHIE

Keep Back a Memory



HELEN had not expected to be so nervous. Last night she had expected to be completely at ease, that was when she had ordered fresh flowers for the flat and had admired the new short curtains. She glanced at the cocktails in readiness. They were the kind that Charles liked, and probably the girl would like the same. The right snacks to go with them were in small crystal dishes alongside.

Helen's special hair-do had been the work of the morning, for hair is important as an asset to a successful scene which influences the whole of one's future. Today was vital. Today was perhaps the most urgent of her life. Impatiently Helen stubbed out a half-smoked cigarette.

She was thirty-nine. Next year at forty she would not feel one half as secure, for thirty-nine is possible, forty more difficult. The waves of the years were breaking faster on her life, and they would increase with the incoming tide of old age, something that had always scared her, for she was so unarmed to fight it.

At twenty-five she had married Charles knowing that he was fickle. A darling, he had riches, and if she was quite truthful in self-analysis maybe the riches came before the darling. She had never lacked money, for she had had everything that she wanted, and four years ago she had been disgruntled — but not heart-

He had chafed against their life together. "You and I have nothing that matters," he said

broken—that Charles had left her. It hadn't been for another woman; it was just that he chafed against their life together and had grown ridiculously restless.

"Desertion is so easy," he had said, and his last remark from the doorway had been, "You and I have nothing that really matters. That's the trouble. Nothing that matters."

She had had fun; she had had life; she had done the things she wanted to do and very few of the ones that she didn't want to do, so surely she *had* had the things that mattered? It was true that she had not had children, for there had been gynaecological difficulties early in their marriage. At the time it had worried neither of them too much for children were not everything.

Once she had wanted to write and had done quite well for a time. She had written amusing articles, and had run a gay social column in a glossy magazine. That hadn't lasted either!

The editor was nice, and had said, "You need to know more, I'm afraid."

TODAY standing here waiting, she had the feeling that she did know more—much more, perhaps because forty loomed ahead, perhaps because today was today.

Charles had written that he wanted the divorce, commenting that mercifully desertion threw no mud. He intended marrying again. Helen did not intend to grant him this divorce, for after all, why should she? He was just picking her up and popping her down again, with no regard for her real feelings. In his letter he had said:

Christine is quite a nice child.

The name Christine had stuck in Helen's mind, possibly because only recently she had had trouble with her goddaughter Christine Sutherland. The goddaughter worked in a city office and was perennially short of money. Helen, always generously minded, had contributed a small allowance, enough for the occasional pretty frock and the better make-up, maybe it was that which had led to the disaster. Christine Sutherland was going to have a baby.

"I'll pay for everything, darling and get the child adopted," Helen had promised her, in those dreadful cheap digs where she lodged, "Don't break your heart, for it isn't worth it. I'll make it possible for you to start again."

There was a young man—not the baby's father, he had been a "casual" at some cocktail party where everybody had been too clever to be cautious—this was a man going out to Australia whom Christine could eventually marry. It had been one of those silly modern affairs that burst into a girl's life like a shooting star and collapse with much the same speed. Perhaps it would not have been so bad if it had mattered, Christine had explained; the fact that it had never mattered really was the thing that hurt most now when she faced up to the consequences.

They had parted affectionately.

"You're a wonderful godma!"

IT had been very nice to think that somebody thought her wonderful. The words stuck in her heart now as she smoothed the voluptuous new frock, which became her so well. Charles was asking for a divorce, so that he could marry a girl called Christine. On the top of his letter, staidly amusing for he had always had a ready pen, had come a note from the girl herself, the girl who said she was the one Charles wanted to marry.

Please could I come and see you?

CHRISTINE ANDREWS.

Helen's first instincts had been to refuse quite tersely; her second to meet the girl and wither her with a few crisp words. Her third to be wise. To approach this matter with the caution of the older woman and to remember that next year she would be forty. Refusal would have availed little, and might lose much, so she had replied:

Dear Miss Andrews,

I shall be home tomorrow at half-past-five, and would very much like to meet you.

Sincerely,

HELEN CLARE.

It was five and twenty-past five now.

She would try to be sincere. It would entail effort for she had never cared for Charles's friends, and it was highly probable that Christine Andrews would be the worst of them all.

Nervously she poured herself out a drink and lit a cigarette, aware that her fingers shook. She did not want Charles for herself; all that sort of emotion was over and done with, something lost for ever, but she did not see why she should hand him over to another woman, and she intended saying so. Here in this room, perfectly furnished and decorated lavishly, a great scene would be acted. She would play the leading part because she was not handing the lead to anybody else, but for the moment there was a certain indecision underlying it all. She was not word perfect! She did not know enough that editor had said years ago. It was curious that it should suddenly come back to her in a way that hurt.

Just at the half hour she heard the bell ring, and Mathers going to answer it. Charles had always liked his women to be chic, and probably this would be some Frenchified piece, something with all the modern sophistication. Two could be sophisticated, she told herself.

"Miss Andrews, madam."

Helen flung back her head, the new hair-do giving her confidence; her hazel eyes were emotionless, her nose crinkled like that of a rabbit smelling some new trail in the wind of chance. The girl in the doorway wore black; that was also Frenchified Helen told herself, then did not think along that vein again. Christine Andrews entered slowly. There was little make-up on her face which was pale and she had a greasy skin, with a large and lovely pale mouth. The deep eyes gave the impression of being sunk back, widely apart on either side of the slender nose. Her thick, dark hair reminded Charles's wife that he had always liked them dark, and for a moment she wondered why he had ever selected to marry a light brown-headed woman. She became more nervous.

"How do you do? Please sit down. What about a drink? I'm just having one myself? White Lady?"

"No, thanks. If—if I could have a cup of tea, I'd love it."

"OF course." Helen was glad of the movement to ring the bell. It was so much easier if one *did* something at an awkward moment. But surely Charles, connoisseur of cocktails, would find the mere cup of tea a bit of a bogy. "Cigarette? You don't smoke?"

"I do. But not now."

Helen sat down with the poise of a woman who has been to a good school followed by a finishing class outside Paris where Madame was finicky as regards deportment. She could not avoid the difficult point, for that would avail her nothing. The girl would be in the early twenties, one who knew little of good dressing, of life, or of love. "We are," she said, "two women who are in love with the same man."

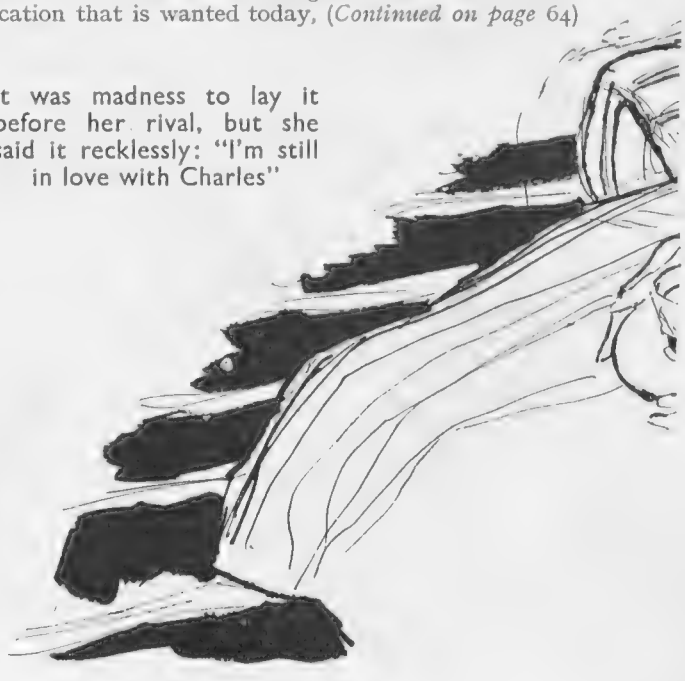
"You—you must think it dreadful of me coming here, but I knew that Charles would never be able to explain."

"I don't think it dreadful. Please rest assured that I am interested to meet you, and glad of the opportunity to talk."

"We met when I was working in the shop."

"I see."

"My father was a parson; we never had much money, and when he died there was nothing left. I had not the sort of education that is wanted today, (*Continued on page* 64)



It was madness to lay it before her rival, but she said it recklessly: "I'm still in love with Charles"

THE London Collections

Paris sets the silhouette: Rome is famous for leisure wear: . . . What of London? There were chic individual numbers, but overall the tone was unadventurous

Sketches on this and following pages by RUTH FREEMAN

WE were promised colour: more and brighter: the ceremonial year was over, we were told, and our new selves were to be gay, feminine and naughty. There it was, in blurb after blurb: colours were back "with a bang"—"in tropic luxuriance"—"in a galaxy"—"a riot" . . . "massed and flashed" . . . vivid poppy, cyclamen, vermilion, shocking pink; printed materials were "to explode with every colour in the spectrum." Grey, which had haunted us bleakly for years, was *out*, and instead we were to be cheered with beige—in string, burnt, ginger, caramel, gold and copper varieties. We could hardly wait.

And *then* . . . we saw grey after grey after black after grey, after no-colour, mud, murk, neutral, drab, lead, in neat suit after indistinguishable neat suit, little gathered dress after little belted dress. Gloom thickened as the icy week progressed, with only here and there a tiny candle to light our way. One candle was linings: to match blouses or dresses, or to be a brilliant flash of colour in themselves—note: one must be careful to carry one's jacket *inside-out*.

Another candle: the *bouffant* ankle-length evening frock, so much less worry than the trailer. Another: the scooped-out front of many of the most successful suits, revealing a froth of white frilling. And the last candle: the cocoon coat, on its rare appearance.

To be more particular: Angèle Delanghe's collection was distinctive and individual, not likely to be confused with any other. There was a sense of occasion about all her clothes, which should be the rightful hallmark of a (*Continued on page* 66)

Top: Pleating—as it can now be permanent—was much in favour: it gives a formal line combined with ease of movement. **Above:** The new sailor collar. Michael forestalled Paris in this sea-look

Below, left: Buttons arranged in a design form an important decoration for suits. **Right:** The scooped-out U neckline—Lachasse's "mid-century"—is a welcome release from the hard classic V of diehard man-tailors

. . . the pick of the Top Ten

Jeune Fille

Hartnell

A dream come true . . . somewhere in every woman's secret reverie is a beautiful young girl, waltzing through fin-de-siecle chandeliered halls before a thousand admiring (male) eyes—and always she must be wearing *the* ball dress, immensely skirted, sparkling, irresistible . . . realized here by Hartnell in organza, glittered with love knots

. . . the pick of the Top Ten

Paterson

Ascot outfits varied from over-hopeful full-length pink lace with picture hat, to over-realistic neat dark suits. The palm goes to Ronald Paterson for the loveliest dress of all in fern-green paper taffeta, with long sleeves, softly folded neckline, very full skirt and draping at the waist

Worth

Here and there was an indication of the "Twenties" at its happiest in Worth's svelte white blazer, worn over a strawberry ice pink frock, with a cross-over bodice

Stiebel

Overskirts were in favour with several designers, worn apron-wise, or in a pannier effect. One of the prettiest was Victor Stiebel's young bell-skirted silk afternoon dress, in mist and buttercup

The lines are feminine

Digby Morton

Dresses with loose coats are an eternally popular uniform—sometimes a little dull. Digby Morton reverses this trend with his black Spanish style alpaca coat and dress, the coat having a wide turn-back, the dress a swaggering corselet, of grey

Michael

Michael is building up for himself an international reputation for tailor-mades—and killing stone dead our conventional idea of the mannish suit. Superb cut allied to daring experiment in design results in the unique Michael creation. Here a tan dress and bolero lined with coral

. . . the best from the shops

Latin-American panache

Coat with four temperaments: in light and dark silver-birch tweed, it is reversible, and can be worn with a stem of contrast colour as shown here, or unbelted with the fringed tuxedo folded back to self-colour. *Above:* Glamorous casino suit in shining givré grosgrain, silver or gold, with a light-reflecting damask pattern. Both designed by Montrose at Hershelle, the coat 14 gns. from Dickins and Jones; Kendal Milne, Manchester: suit 14½ gns. from Barkers, Kensington; and Murray's, Bournemouth

For Spring Outdoors

Warmth without the muffled look

Left: Introducing the new phantom-weight beaver lamb... which has all the virtues, being neither stiff nor cumbersome, but velvety and supple. Will take you equally happily out shopping, or to the theatre at night. In many lovely colours including: golden brown, turquoise and ivory. By Noble Furs, Regent St. About 30 gns. *Above:* Pure wool tweed jersey two-piece with a Chinese influence. Straight-falling jacket has bright cuffs and facings—azure and Raphael blue, yellow teal and cedar, oatmeal and veridian. The dress has a mandarin neck echoing the jacket. By Wolsey, £11 6s. 9d. at Harrods, Knightsbridge; Browns, Chester

Brocaded look

Cosmopolitan and debonair, with the radiance of gold-threaded tapestry about it, this printed silk shantung has a smooth-fitting bolero and stiffened cummerbund to emphasize its Empire line. By Marcus, 35 gns. at Marshall and Snelgrove, London

Unadorned look

Grey mélange makes this perfection of a street dress, which could hold its own walking down any of the world's most fashionable thoroughfares. The bodice is hemstitched by hand: the belt, black patent. Lady in Black, 16 gns. at Finnigans

Look, feel, be

To stroll and dine in

Restaurant suit glowing with Spring's choicest colour—a delicious caramel. In heavy silk shantung, its melting shoulder line, vertically-seamed jacket, slanting pockets, are all allies for your pleasant evening. By Marcus, 32 gns. at Violet Yorke, Baker Street

your best

A Dior to dance in

Black paper taffeta fashioned unmistakably by the hand of the master himself into a witty and feminine dress. Alluring bell skirt, and tiniest of spencer-jackets curving into an enormous draped collar—the perfect setting for shoulders, neck, and face. By C. D. Models, 45 gns. at Harrods, Knightsbridge; also at Marshall and Snelgrove, Bradford

Hugh Beresford

Left: "Lemon osprey": an after-five hat—light as a flirtation, cheering as a sunbeam; will turn heads at any party, seen from any angle. The back is Jacobean-pointed, mother-of-pearl sequined; the crown of organza is interlaced

Otto Lucas

The crown of bay leaves brought up to date in an intricate filigree of metallic straw . . . in sapphire or gold-stone, a rich jewel of a hat that needs no other accessory. At Fortnum and Mason, London; Samuels, Manchester

Jenny Fischer

Left: Perky day hat with a dual personality: of white sisal and brown grosgrain, it takes its cue from a bi-coloured quill, and encircles the head with the flowing line of a shell. At Debenham and Freebody

New Headlines

"Tell me, where is fancy bred—or in the heart or in the head?" On the head, without a doubt: there is neither rhyme nor reason in to-morrow's hat: it may be a petal, a band, wisp, saucer, or bonnet. The more fantastical our hats, the better, for the head is fancy's last stronghold

COUNTRY

FR. NO. 2052 MAINE

GOOD REFERENCES SUPPLIED BY A DOCTOR AND A COUNTESS

HOUSEHOLD COMPOSED OF:-

A LANDOWNER (about 50) who is a Comte. He is a Widower.
HIS DAUGHTERS (born 1930 & 1940)
HIS SON (born 1936)

SITUATION:-

SAVIGNE L'EVEQUE, Sarthe. A very pleasant small village situated 7 kms. from Le Mans which is an old, medium-sized town half-way between Paris and Brittany, well known for its motor racing course.

DESCRIPTION OF HOUSE:-

An attractive, country house situated 4 kms. from the village. It stands in its own large garden on the top of a wooded hill. It has very beautifully furnished reception rooms and for the guest/s there is a comfortable double or single bedroom. There is no bathroom in the house.

FACILITIES:-

(Cost, if any, not included in terms).

Table-tennis, walking, cycling, shooting, dancing etc. locally or at home, and swimming, tennis etc. a little further afield or at Le Mans.

REMARKS:-

An extremely charming and friendly family, who do everything possible to give their guest/s an enjoyable stay. They have very many friends in the district. to whom guests are introduced and to whose delightful guests

Travel free of the apron strings "does something" for children. Nowadays, risk of an unsatisfactory holiday is minimized by the care and integrity of organizations who "place" guests in foreign homes. Here is a specimen dossier produced by the En Famille Agency who specialize in the "host family" scheme

Holidays baffling you?

Swap Your Child for Another!

by

RUTH MILLER

WHEN, immediately after the war, pale and frightened children from the Continent were given hospitality in this country by British families, few realized what it was leading to. International understanding was so unexpectedly successful at nursery level that Continental families were eager to return this hospitality as soon as conditions in their own countries allowed. Now holidays abroad can be arranged for children of all ages. Each year now, after the summer vacation, more children are swapping stories of foreign travel, and each year more children delight their teachers with their greater knowledge of German or French and with their improved self-confidence.

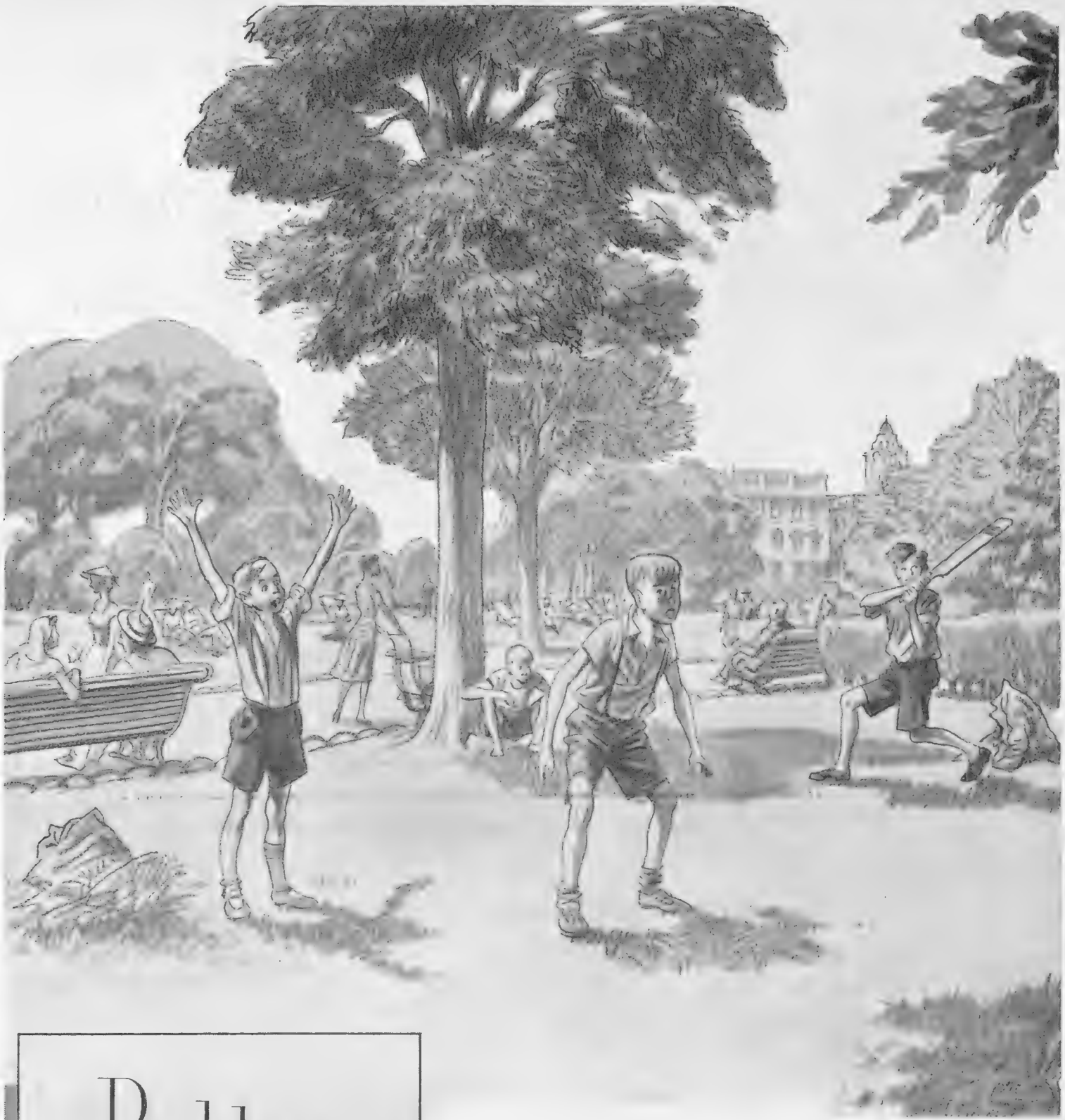
Travel free of the apron strings quite definitely "does something." One ten-year-old boy, after four weeks in a French family last summer, had changed from an awkward, rather timid waif into a lively, enterprising youngster. His own explanation is revealing: "I liked being abroad because they didn't know I was shy so I tried *not* to be."

How does one set about arranging these junior jaunts? Obviously, endless care must be taken before a child leaves the home nest to explore a foreign one. But there are agencies who specialize in this work and whose skill and integrity are beyond doubt. The Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges (Hamilton House, Bidborough Street, London, W.C.1), which is an independent, Government-sponsored and maintained organization, will gladly give advice on what to do and which agency to approach in each particular case. In addition, this body's "Survey" is well worth buying (2s. 5d. postal order to the secretary).

It explains all the different types of holidays abroad—work camps and vacation courses for the over sixteens; paying guest and exchange schemes for all ages; group travel and individual travel arrangements.

An exchange is in many ways the most satisfactory, and certainly the cheapest way of getting to know a foreign country, its people and customs. Apart from the fare and a (usually small) agency fee, it involves only the cost of return hospitality to the foreign child. The Modern Language Association, the Amitié International des Jeunes for France, the Anglo-Austrian Society and many other bodies do nothing but arrange such exchanges. Immense research goes into "matching up" the partners.

From father's job to child's hobbies, from numbers of bathrooms to numbers of members in the family, everything is recorded. Specified references (sometimes from the child's headmaster, sometimes from his doctor, but always from two persons of "professional standing") have to be given and are taken up carefully. All societies tactfully and unobtrusively reserve the right *not* to fix up a child if they judge it advisable. (*Continued on page* 66)



Problem for Patricia

IT was a lovely day, free, gratis, and for nothing; and not taxed. Men and women in their offices had been working all afternoon in their shirt sleeves with the windows wide open, and the sands all round the coast of Britain were crowded with bathers. There were pleasant summery sounds in the air, too, as well as sights: a bumble bee roaming across a garden; the click of bat and ball on the village green; and the ping-ping-ping of a tennis match. There was also the sibilant shush of a pint being filled, for it was that witching evening hour when the pubs first open.

Amongst the many million Londoners there was probably no one happier at that hour than Vincent Hector Greatorex. The jauntiness of his step showed it as he entered the park; his carefully pressed pin-stripe suit showed it, his shoes and his tie showed it, his eyes showed it, even his fresh clean underclothes would have shown it if one had been able to see them. For his career had been crowned with success at last and he had an under-secretaryship in his pocket.

Politics is a gruelling business and under-secretaryships

Vincent instantly saw himself as another kind of hero, but unfortunately he missed the catch

By LAURENCE KIRK

Illustration by VICTOR BERTOGLIO

don't grow on bushes. Vincent had started years and years ago at the beginning and came up the hard way. First he had to persuade both party and constituency that he was worthy of them. That hurdle over there was the hard marathon race of the election with people sniping at him from all sides. And it began all over again when he got into Parliament. He was the new boy: he had to watch his step. It was fatal to thrust; and equally fatal to hang back. Tact and timing, infinite patience was required. Every smile, frown and gesture counted.

In his case perhaps it was a careful avoidance of mistakes rather than any positive brilliance that had won the day for him. But whatever it was, it had won the day. The P.M. had sent for him only an hour earlier and there he was, spruce, well-groomed, with only nine grey hairs on his head, feeling much younger than forty-five, and even happier than when he had got into the first eleven at school. It was success at last.

It wasn't only because it was such a lovely day that Vincent decided to walk home through the park. The next step was to tell his wife the good news, but he was in no hurry to do that. He wanted first to drain the delicious moment to the full, spin it out, roll his tongue round it; and a walk seemed the best way to get all the flavour out of the situation. Everything in the park was pleasing to his eye that evening. It was indeed a cheerful place with prams and nursemaids, a small lake with swans on it, green grass, trees, flowerbeds, boys playing cricket, girls with kites, and gardeners preparing a bed of dahlias.

He tried first to make love to the swans on the lake, but they floated disdainfully by and he walked slowly on. What a great country this, he thought, how free and happy the people are! He then quoted (*Continued on page* 68)

In a world where everything grows bigger and bigger if not better and better the senses find pleasure in the miniature

IT'S A *small* WORLD

HOW can the fascination of the miniature be explained? Is it the eternal child in us—an association with play—or a Giant complex which makes us feel like Gullivers among the pygmies?

At every age the sense of sight and touch seem to be enchanted by small-scale reproductions of familiar things. Children's affections are captured by toys in miniature; grown women sigh over a doll's house as men are wrapt in admiration of any small-scale model of a mechanical thing. If it happens to work, admiration blossoms into affection.

We may never know why some emotional chord in us is touched by tiny things, but we do know that people have been making and admiring them for centuries and that some of the most loving and intricate craftsmanship has been expended on miniatures of everything. Some of it has taken the eccentric form, like the work of the man who felt impelled to inscribe the Lord's Prayer on a pinhead, most of it has been exquisite as museums and private collections all over the world will testify.

The miniature collector is apt to confine himself to one section of this small world. There are enthusiasts for furniture, others concentrate on collecting small-scale books. There are carvings in miniature, paintings, pottery, watches, ships. Practically everything that was ever made at all has been made smaller than life.

Some miniatures which survive from the past had a practical commercial intention. This applies particularly to furniture which in the great eighteenth-century era of design were intended for use as travellers' samples. The cabinet maker's apprentice was employed on these small-scale prototypes, now becoming more and more hard to find in antique shops where they are mostly discovered.

Many period pieces are included in the fascinating collection which has been made by Mrs. Kitty Carlisle, who exhibits a series of miniature period rooms at her home at Ashampstead in Berkshire.

It all began in childhood when Mrs. Carlisle was given some tiny pieces of finely wrought silver furniture. These were of oriental origin, but they started the passion for collecting which, over the years, has culminated in a series of small-scale rooms of authentic character and perfect scaling.

Work by craftsmen in miniature from the past are combined with contemporary work. Furniture, pictures, books, chandeliers, carpets—most of the carpets Mrs. Carlisle has worked herself from period designs—furnish this collection which represents a lifetime of loving research.

The latest addition to the series is a Regency games room with tables equipped for various pastimes such as chess, draughts, backgammon, dominoes and roulette.

A forge, a carpenter's shop, a bricklayer's yard and a painter-and-decorator's workshop are other recent acquisitions. A concession perhaps to men whose eyes are delighted by the great wealth of tools, appropriate to their trades, each in its proper setting. All precise models and made to work.

The craft of the miniaturist is a gentle one. The appeal of his work is to the softer instincts in us and in a world of giants on the rampage a miniature oasis of peace.

This small-scale reproduction of an eighteenth-century bureau, standing beside a normal sized matchbox and inkstand from a period room in miniature owned by Mrs. Carlisle, who has spent a lifetime on her collection

Photograph by Deighton Wilkes

In the present and the past silversmiths have matched their skill with the challenge of the miniature. The furniture above and the model mill are of Dutch descent. The candlesticks, teapot and coach are English. The oriental pieces speak for themselves. All, except the coach, by *Halcyon Days*, are by courtesy of *Wartski*

Wallpapers surpass themselves this spring. The three grouped on the right at the top are Crown Wallpapers; reading down come two Sanderson designs, another by Crown and three more from Sanderson

When the cost of skilled labour is too high there is a way round. Do it yourself. Even if it comes to hanging your own wallpaper. Here is proof that an amateur can do it

GETTING THE Hang OF IT

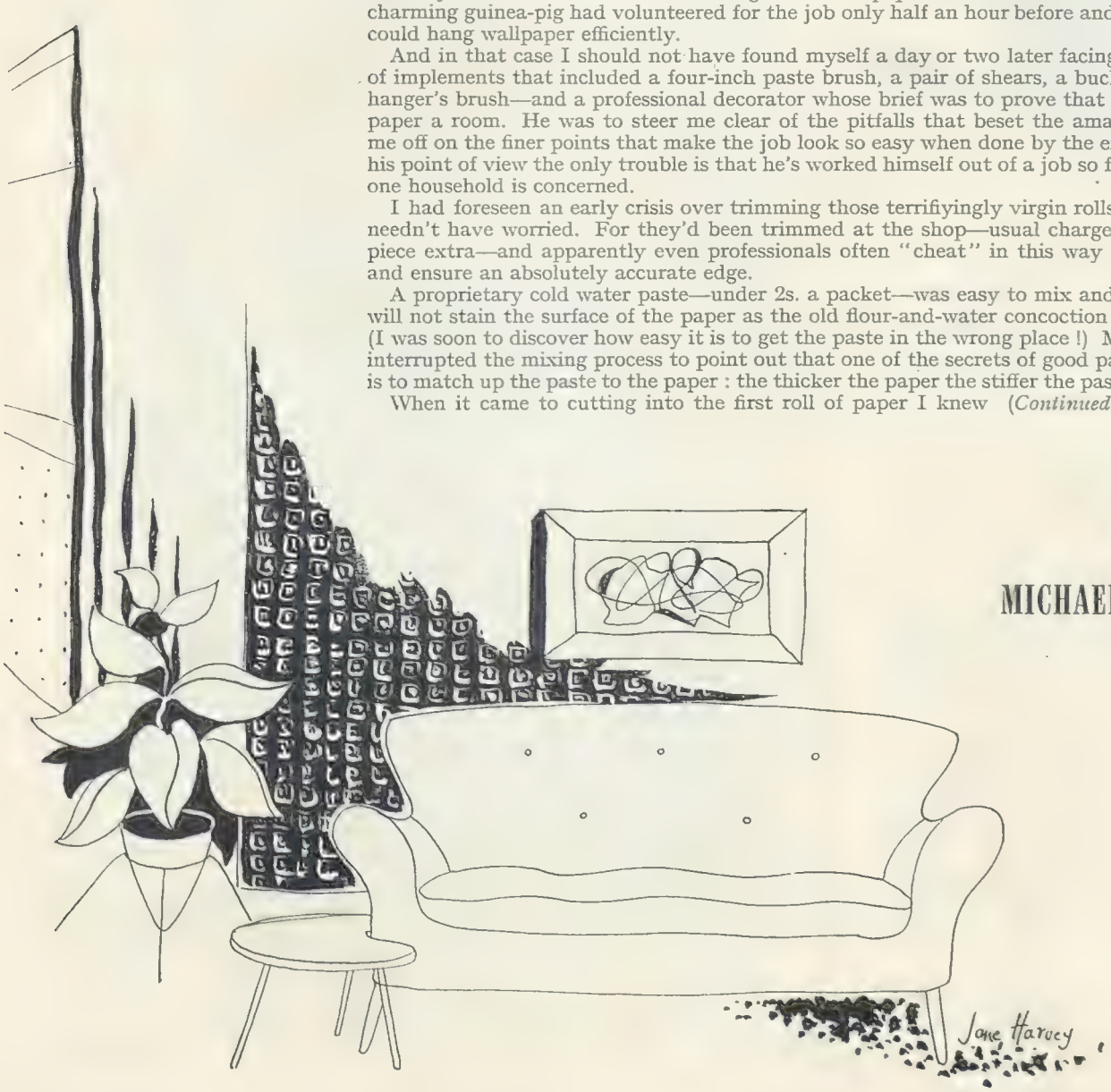
IT might never have started at all if she'd not been—at any rate to look at—a delicate slip of a thing, every man's idea of the helpless little woman. For if she'd been the obviously competent, motherly type of demonstrator, my masculine ego could have slumbered on undisturbed by the fact that she was nonchalantly slapping up lengths of wallpaper and showing no signs of ending up in the cocoon of paste and paper I'd half expected. And I, whose guilty secret is that I have always funked this particular task myself, would never have challenged the wallpaper manufacturers' claim that the charming guinea-pig had volunteered for the job only half an hour before and that *anyone* could hang wallpaper efficiently.

And in that case I should not have found myself a day or two later facing a collection of implements that included a four-inch paste brush, a pair of shears, a bucket, a paper-hanger's brush—and a professional decorator whose brief was to prove that even *I* could paper a room. He was to steer me clear of the pitfalls that beset the amateur and tip me off on the finer points that make the job look so easy when done by the expert. From his point of view the only trouble is that he's worked himself out of a job so far as at least one household is concerned.

I had foreseen an early crisis over trimming those terrifiyingly virgin rolls of paper. I needn't have worried. For they'd been trimmed at the shop—usual charge about 2d. a piece extra—and apparently even professionals often "cheat" in this way to save time and ensure an absolutely accurate edge.

A proprietary cold water paste—under 2s. a packet—was easy to mix and, I was told, will not stain the surface of the paper as the old flour-and-water concoction is apt to do. (I was soon to discover how easy it is to get the paste in the wrong place !) My instructor interrupted the mixing process to point out that one of the secrets of good paper-hanging is to match up the paste to the paper : the thicker the paper the stiffer the paste should be.

When it came to cutting into the first roll of paper I knew (*Continued on page* 73)



By

MICHAEL SHERIDAN

The author's window sill showing the spiky date palm at the back and, in front, mother plant and African violet on the left, avocado pear and grapefruit tree, on the right

Tropicals on your Window-sill

by LILIAN K. DONAT

An enthusiastic indoor gardener talks about her success in raising tropical plants in a London flat

TROPICAL plants in a London flat seem to be quite a rarity and I have often been asked how I manage to grow and keep them under such conditions.

It is useful to know where plants come from originally as those used to the hot humidity of the jungle will want different treatment from others growing wild in the desert. It is impossible in a flat or house to give them the right conditions, but it is possible to help them to adapt themselves to indoor conditions.

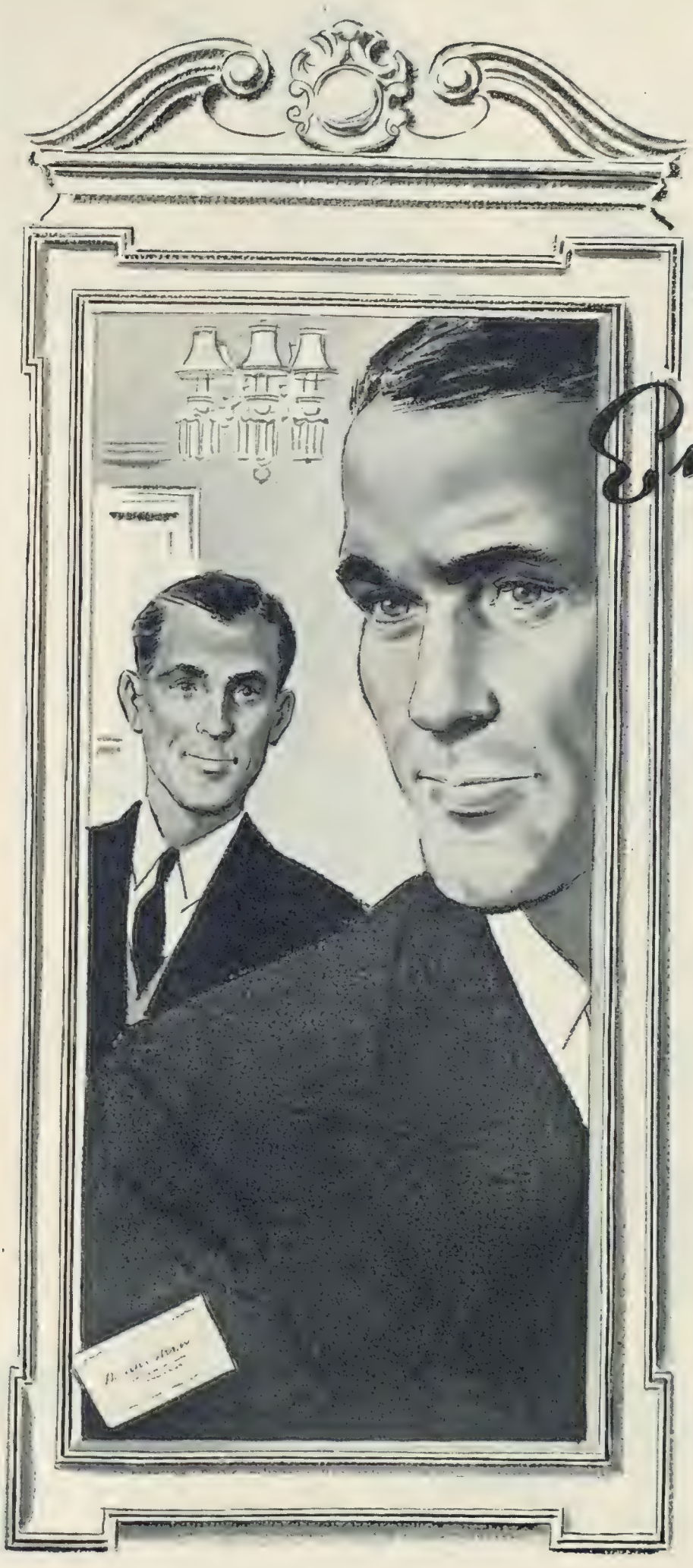
It always seems an adventure to me to grow things I have not seen before from stones, pips and seeds; there are so many possibilities of surprise—the shape and colour of leaves, the rate of growth, flowers which might or might not appear. Of course, you could go to Kew Gardens and see the plants growing there, but this is just what I avoid doing. The ideal conditions provided there would give me a wrong picture of what can be achieved in a flat.

When three springs ago, I planted the stone of an avocado pear for the first time, I had no idea what to expect. Instinct told me to put the stone, the size of a small pear, into a large pot with soil so that the pointed end stuck well out. Covered with an inverted jar it went into my airing cupboard, the place where I bring on everything grown from pips, stones and seeds. A shelf there is usually reserved for my pots. The jar—or sheet of glass—is taken off every day for a few minutes and the pot will only need watering about once a week.

AFTER a slow start (it took six months before the shoot came up) it made good progress and by now the plant is almost four feet high. The large, dark-green ovate leaves give it a rather contemporary look. The other day I heard that the avocado was a rather difficult plant to grow, but my ignorance at the time made me do what more enlightened people might not have attempted. Incidentally another stone planted last year seems a slow grower and this plant is only sixteen inches high.

To grow a member of the citrus family, whether grapefruit, lemon or orange, bury two or three pips half an inch deep in soil and treat the pot in the same way as the avocado. The shoots will appear after a short time and the strongest only should be left to grow. My three-year-old grapefruit tree is two feet high. On a grey winter's day the evenly spaced, small glossy leaves recall the sunny groves of Italy.

Date palms, too, are amongst my home-grown species. Their spear-shaped fluted leaves grow from the base of the plant and are exceedingly brittle. Once a tip is broken off it takes a long time to grow again as the growth enzyme is found in the tip of the leaf. As the date palm dislikes transplanting it is better to start it off in a fairly large pot. Choose the stone of a moist, (*Continued on page* 70)



The Doctor had a plan to avoid matrimony. He also had a blind spot

Enchanting Stranger

by

JANE HAMPTON

Illustrations by SAWYER

THE Doctor drove home that evening in very good humour after a usual day: a long spell in the hospital theatre followed by appointments at his consulting rooms. Now he could enjoy a well-cooked meal and settle down in a deep armchair with cigarettes and medical journals. After all, an interesting rut is all a man needs if it is lucrative enough to provide him with the modest necessities of life.

The Doctor's present necessities, in point of fact, were not on such a modest scale. There was his bachelor flat, furnished for masculine comfort. There was Tom, who had ministered to his domestic wants for a very long time, counting army days. There was the new car he was now driving. . . .

He parked in the garage, locked the door of his new beauty and gave her a pat, and went out to climb the steps to the bachelor flat with buoyant step. He entered his own lobby.

There he had his first jolt. Through a door he caught sight of black and white laid out on the bed, reminding him that he was to dine with old Aunt Jane in Hampstead at eight o'clock and there was no getting out of it. He went in, slung his hat at the tallboy and muttered a word. From the kitchenette came Tom, with a pair of shiny shoes and a

"Three months notice if convenient, sir," said Tom—his tone of voice was far too deferential

Then it happened. A starched cap became a halo, curls were tinged with gold, a curving mouth . . . and she was flushing adorably

chatty rigmarole that ended in a shocking formula.

"Three months' notice if convenient to you, sir," finished Tom, far too deferentially.

That was an earthquake. The Doctor took a deep breath, glaring at the familiar spare figure in neat fawn jacket. Tom, his old friend, a gem among men and quite invaluable. He was *going*.

"Oh!" barked the Doctor. "*Why?*"

Tom looked up with his crooked grin.

"I thought of getting married, sir," he said chirpily.

"*Married?*"

"To Gladys, sir. And seeing that there is no room for expansion in the domestic quarters here there's nothing else for it. Unless, of course, sir, you thought of moving to more commodious premises and increasing the staff. As you know, sir, nothing in a household comes amiss to Gladys and all nicely done."

TOM placed a snappy opera hat on the counterpane and the Doctor pulled himself together. He knew Gladys, the pretty and capable young woman who pandered to Aunt Jane's declining years. He might have guessed. Chauffeuring to Hampstead had been Tom's idea of a nice little treat.

"I see, Tom," said the Doctor with an attempt at heartiness. "Best of luck to you. I'm not thinking of more commodious premises."

Ten minutes later the Doctor was glaring at his own handsome reflection in the mirror and giving his black bow a vicious twist. The whole business reeked of conspiracy and ultimatum, nicely planned. Only last week Tom had mentioned a house in the square hard by.

"Just the thing, sir," he'd said chattily, "for a proper establishment."

An establishment! Three reception, five bed, attics and a garden. A *family* house. . . .

The Doctor looked grimly thoughtful as he slung on the black jacket for his social engagement. Aunt Jane had an even more appalling idea in mind and a baited trap to spring this very evening.

"*Name your own date, my dear,*" the old lady had said firmly, "and I will ask the Marshalls and the Baguleys and my dear nurse."

The old fiend! She had paired off the Marshalls at one of her evenings and probably the Baguleys, too. Tonight they would all be there at the table, happy spouses exchanging smiles and glances at the latest victims in the old lady's schemes. They would prick up their ears at every word he said to the girl, seat him with her for bridge, and thrust her on to him for transport home. And, having given him every facility, they would go their own ways speculating and spreading the gossip.

The Doctor folded a handkerchief into his breast pocket, frowning over quick counterplot. Tom was invaluable, not to say irreplaceable. Prompt as clockwork, infallible at the telephone. Tonight he could do his bit of chauffeuring and co-operate in steering his master away from the noose into which he had placed his own neck.

And, with a simple plan already worked out, the Doctor lit a cigarette, tucked the opera hat under his arm just in case, took a last glare at his handsome reflection, and strode out. Outside, stood the car with Tom at the door.

"Hampstead, Tom," snapped the Doctor quite unnecessarily, and got in.

IT was a warm spring night. The sun had gone below pink feathers. The sky was now amethyst with an evening star.

"Like fairyland, sir!" said Tom, heading under trees past the family house.

But the Doctor, in no mood for fancies, sat back with an eye on the sinful deserter in front. Tom, perky as you please, driving his fine new car to visit his girl. He could cut that short tonight.

And, aware of a certain malice in the thought, the Doctor heaved an angry sigh and faced the real issue. Soon it would be a case of feeding and valeting himself if he didn't do something about it and he simply hadn't the time. He never had had time for anything but work, and that, maybe, was why he had managed to remain a bachelor till thirty-five? Not that that was any age. The prime of life. . . .

But he certainly wasn't going to shackle himself with an establishment. A family house! A whole lot of worry and expense and for what? An elegant wife to grace his home? Bah! That was the plot: Aunt Jane dangling a suitable specimen under his nose while Tom gave him a push from the rear. But he wasn't the man to let other people arrange his life for him. He had always been mulish when jockeyed. What's more, Aunt Jane knew it. . . .

And the Doctor, thrusting his chin forward, fumed in fury that on this occasion he had let things go so far. . . .

AUNT JANE was that dangerous type, a character with looks: a fine-drawn parchment face, sparkling violet eyes and a crown of snowy curls. She had been a gay and gallant fighter all her days. As a girl she had trained as a nurse and married an impecunious house surgeon. As the wife of a rising man who received a knighthood she became a great lady in her stride. As a widow she had kept up her personal interest in the hospital, particularly in staff welfare. Invitations to her big, well-appointed house in Hampstead were something of an honour, if sometimes a trap for the unwary.

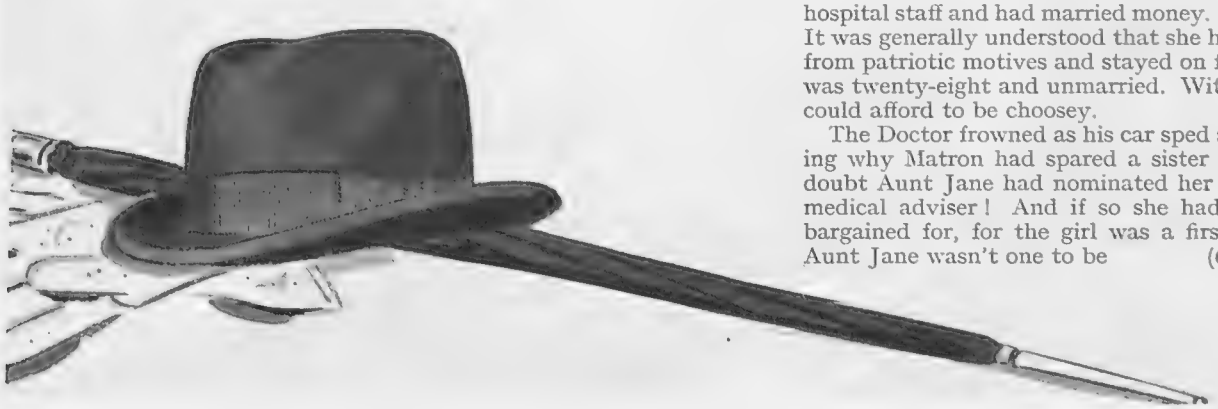
When the old lady's fine health suffered its first relapse the hospital jumped at the chance of repaying many a kindness.

"If you have to bring her in I will have a private ward ready," said Matron. "Meanwhile I have sent Sister Carr to Hampstead."

Now Sister Carr was Matron's pick of the bunch and rightly so, a dignified girl with brains, skill, experience and charm. She was a little aloof, perhaps, but her chestnut eyes could melt in a way that might be very disturbing if you were susceptible to that sort of thing. But apart from all that Evelyn Carr had advantages that many good nurses have not. Her father had been a senior physician on the hospital staff and had married money. She had background. It was generally understood that she had taken her training from patriotic motives and stayed on for the love of it. She was twenty-eight and unmarried. With her connections she could afford to be choosey.

The Doctor frowned as his car sped smoothly on, wondering why Matron had spared a sister for the job. But no doubt Aunt Jane had nominated her nurse as she had her medical adviser! And if so she had had more than she bargained for, for the girl was a first-class organizer and Aunt Jane wasn't one to be

(*Continued on page 72*)



£ ECONOMICS AND THE IDEAL

by CONSTANCE WALSH

IN this day and age, when most housewives have to tackle the more-than-woman-size-task of running homes and bringing up families with little or no domestic help, it is essential for them to have well-planned, energy-saving kitchens, equipped with efficient machines which will do the hard chores quickly and well.

Unfortunately, modernizing a kitchen costs rather more money than most of us can conveniently spare nowadays. But while it may be difficult for you to spend such a large sum all at once out of capital, you may find you can pay for improvements by small weekly, monthly or quarterly instalments spread over a number of years. In other words, you can buy your ideal kitchen under hire-purchase agreements and by deferred payments.

Naturally, when a seller is prepared to wait several years before receiving full payment for his wares, he has to charge a little extra for them—and the longer the period allowed for payment, the higher the additional charge must be. Except for a certain number of articles, listed in a Government Order made in 1952—with which I shall deal later—payment can be spread over any number of years agreed between buyer and seller.

The seller is free to add on to the cash price whatever extra charge he thinks fit. There is no legal limit. So to safeguard yourself from paying an extortionate surcharge, deal only with reputable firms and before signing an agreement, read the terms carefully.

It is also as well to make certain whether you are entering into a hire-purchase or a deferred payment agreement. Under a deferred payment agreement, the buyer becomes the owner of the property as soon as the initial payment is made, and he is not free to return the goods if later he finds he does not want them. Nor is the seller free to take back the goods if the payments are not made regularly. All he can do is to try to recover the outstanding sum in the same way as any other debt.

Even an old kitchen can become an ideal one like this below, brought up to date with modern fittings

KITCHEN

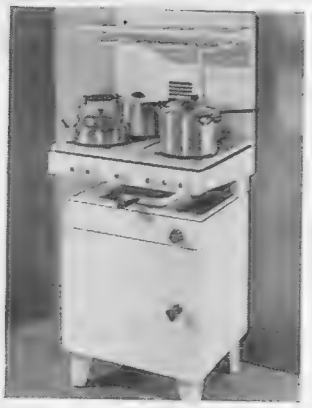
These deferred payment agreements are usually only made for goods which it would be unprofitable or impossible for the seller to take back. A decorative fireplace which cannot be taken out once it has been installed, or unit furniture which has to be fixed to the walls and so becomes an immoveable landlord's fixture are examples of things which would normally be sold on deferred terms rather than by hire-purchase.

Under a hire-purchase agreement, the seller remains the owner of the goods until the final payment is made and in certain circumstances he is free to take back his property without refunding the (*Continued on page 78*)

These are the five essential elements of the ideal kitchen, whatever the décor may be

Table showing the weekly cost of buying the essential equipment, illustrated on the right, for an ideal kitchen on hire purchase or deferred terms

Article	*Cash Price*	*H.P. Terms*	*Length of Agrmt.*	*Initial Payment*	*Weekly Cost*
Hire Purchase:	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Gas Cooker	38 10 0	47 7 8	5 yrs.	1 10 11	**3s. 8½d.**
Washing Machine	49 19 9	51 15 4	18 mths.	16 13 4	**9s. 0d.**
Electric Frig.	66 0 0	68 9 6	18 mths.	22 0 0	**11s. 11d.**
Food Mixer	19 17 5	20 11 4	12 mths.	6 12 4	**5s. 4½d.**
Deferred Terms:					
Wall cupboards:					
Single	7 15 0	8 17 0	2 yrs.	1 15 0	**1s. 4½d.**
Double	14 13 0	16 15 0	2 yrs.	2 5 0	**2s. 9½d.**
Sink unit with mixer taps	39 0 0	44 17 0	2 yrs.	4 9 0	**7s. 9d.**
Floor cupboard with corner piece	26 0 0	29 18 0	2 yrs.	3 2 0	**5s. 2d.**
3-drawer floor unit	19 10 0	22 7 0	2 yrs.	2 13 0	**3s. 9½d.**
Total	**281 5 2**	**310 17 10**		**61 0 7**	**2 10 10½**



The New World Eighty Four gas cooker breaks away from traditional cabinet construction with cantilevered hotplate and forward vent which allows the cooker to fit flush to the wall

The new three cubic foot G.E.C. refrigerator offers a maximum storage space with minimum overall dimensions. It has a freezer of ample size fitted with a door for storing frozen foods

No kitchen is fully equipped without an electric food mixer. This is the English Electric Food Mixer, complete with attachments, to lighten the task of food preparation by mechanical means

The Warwick range of stove enamelled metal kitchen furniture includes stainless steel sink unit and a variety of wall and floor storage units which can be assembled to suit individual needs

The Servis Washing Machine is self-emptying and easy to fill and to move about, but its greatest advantage is that it will heat water and is therefore independent of a separate water heating system

More English than the Rose

What is it but a poem in the making every time we come upon the first primrose of the year?

by

C. HENRY WARREN

WHICH would you say was the favourite English wild flower? For my part, and without hesitation, I would choose the primrose. It is the flower we have all taken to our hearts, townsman and countryman alike. I can no more think of England without it than I can think of Egypt without sand or Iceland without snow. The primrose is essential, as no other wild flower is, to the English scene.

It invades the city streets, where the busy housewife, handing over her coppers to the flower-seller and tucking the little bunch of fragrance into her shopping-basket, goes on her way with a firmer tread, a lighter heart. And to the countryman it is the flower of all flowers proclaiming the end of the dark winter for him and the coming of the warmth and joy of spring.

Not very far from where I live there is a cottage with a tiny wood, a coppice, beside it. The old man who lives there lost his wife many years ago; and when she died, he made a primrose walk through that wood, in memory of her who had loved it so much. I know of nothing prettier in the spring. It is as though the flowers put on an extra spurt because they have a mission to fulfil. Nowhere do they grow better, nowhere thicker. They are so many, in fact, that even on the dullest day the sun seems to be shining there. In that primrose path of memory the old man created a poem as surely as if he had written his grief—and his hope—in chiming words.

But the primrose makes poets of us all, and always has done so, in England. Our folk-songs, as might be expected of songs composed by the countryman himself, are full of it. Indeed, I would put "Sweet Primeroses" high in any selective list of those delightfully naïve (and sometimes not so naïve) rural ditties. As for the professional poets, very few of them, from Shakespeare to John Clare, the ploughman (*Continued on page* 75)

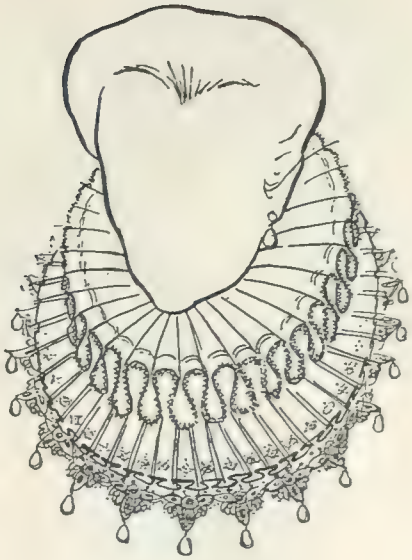
Painting by ESME EVE

Olivia gives a letter to her attendant lord, who is no less sumptuously dressed than she is herself. Her dress is of painted nylon gauze, her underskirt of stiff nylon horsehair, which also lines his trunks; a finer weave of the horsehair makes his ruff, nylon braid its edging

Photograph: Deighton Wilkes

The newest synthetic materials give the most authentic historical look, so now we have

SHAKESPEARE in NYLON



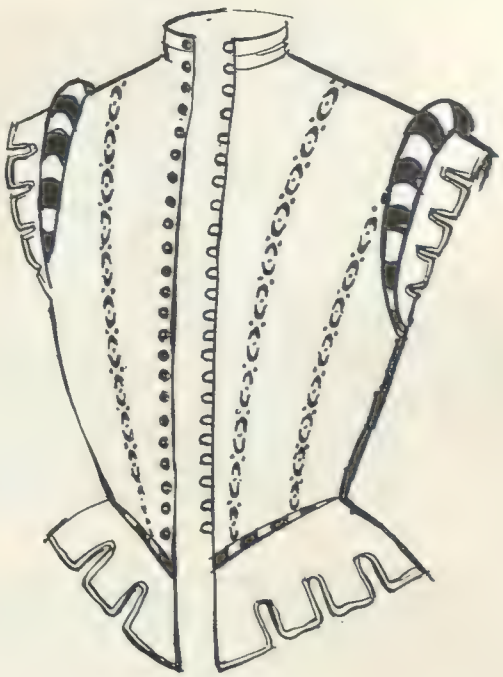
By THALIA

BESIDES scoring successes in many other ways, the Old Vic Shakespeare productions have been a designer's triumph: Kenneth Rowell with *Hamlet*, James Bailey with *Twelfth Night*, and now Audrey Cruddas with *Coriolanus*, have created visual worlds that will not easily be erased from our memories.

Between the artist's blueprint and the stage, however, there is a process of realization not often heard about. It takes place in the Old Vic wardrobe, whose unpretentious premises in Covent Garden are like a small, fantastic factory, run by fifteen or so young people whose ingenious invention never flags and who press into their service materials which are sometimes unpromising and always recalcitrant, for costume-making is hard, manual labour.

But the penetrating gaze of the wardrobe craftsmen and women probes beyond mere appearances to definite possibilities: Ginger ale and Coca-Cola tops become decorated armour, copper saucepan cleaners become medieval mail, Bostick makes settings for jewels, and Rawlplugs—strung like cartridges—become Roman soldiers' belts. Rope is let into petticoats to give a crinoline effect; motifs are cut out from Victorian lace to make Elizabethan appliqué, and floor-cloths joined together made such excellent coarse cloth for peasants that the firm who wove it agreed to manufacture a few hundred yards 36 ins. wide especially for the wardrobe, who then dyed it themselves (in the back-yard, with large brushes)—and so the *Coriolanus* crowd was fitted up. Otherwise *Coriolanus* is mainly a "felt production"—one of the traditional materials that is still unsurpassed because of its "body" and vibrant colours. All the weighty looking helmets are of black felt ½ in. thick, moulded with a steam iron and stiffened with glue, then painted with black or brown French enamel varnish mixed with gold or silver powder to give the authentic burnished appearance.

The newest materials, also, have been—literally—pressed into use for these historical costumes. Translucent acetate, for instance, is heated and moulded into jewels—like the outsize ones worn by the royalty in *Hamlet*. French enamel varnish, which is similar to the latest metallic nail varnish, is painted on to the back (*Continued on page* 74)



Top: Elizabethan ruff made according to the traditional pattern in nylon horsehair, finished with nylon straw edging and beads, which stamp the wearer as a great lady. **Centre:** Orsino's doublet, mounted on thick black felt and decorated with mother-of-pearl plastic cabuchons, every one sewn on by hand. **Left:** Roman laurel wreath headdress of acetate cast from a mould and painted

Looking Around

Discussion Points

WE have shaken off winter, and spring with its new, illogical hope takes possession of our senses. The flowers are coming out, and April also brings a fine novel to read, ballets and films to see, as well as a play by one of our most controversial dramatists

PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S new novel, *Against Whom?* is impossible to put down : you will read it in trains, buses, propped up beside your plate, and for as long as you can keep your eyes open at night. You will find yourself feeling in turn with the complicated John, the simple Elizabeth, lightly loving Konrad, humorous Marie Céleste, pathetic Caroline, and saintly Michael as if they were your own friends; and the expertly sketched-in Swiss background will become more real for you than the streets or fields outside your windows. To be published on April 2, *Against Whom?* (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is recommended by the Book Society

NADIA NERINA dances Swanhilda in Covent Garden's new production of *Coppélia* : she is seen, above, in her lavish peasant's costume for Act 1, designed by Osbert Lancaster, whose light, fantastic touch is matched by Frederick Ashton's choreography. Beriosova and Navarre alternate with Nerina as prima ballerina. This is a happy moment to reinterpret Delibes' masterpiece, for spring entertainment should ideally be fresh, tuneful and young. On the right we introduce Moondog and his friend. These two sad clowns are the effortless heroes of John Cranko's new romantic ballet, *The Lady And The Fool*. The Lady is beautiful and wealthy, but yearns for something beyond her life of luxury—she is not sure what. On the way to a party with four of her suitors, she meets two poor Fools, who so fascinate her with their pathetic honesty that she asks them along, too. She finds herself falling in love with one of them—Moondog—impulsively follows him, and is in turn ostracized by Society. Faced with the choice, she elects poverty and sincerity with her wise individual fool, rather than wealth and emptiness with one of the knowledgeable, and indistinguishable, suitors—which all goes to show that the heart is one thing, and riches another; and that ballet, of all art forms the most artificial, is in fact the champion of reality. Patricia Miller dances the Lady and Kenneth Macmillan is Moondog. The score has been arranged by Charles Mackerras from Verdi's early works. At Sadler's Wells on March 31.

GRAHAM GREENE, ALIDA VALLI and TREVOR HOWARD in a sunny Venetian piazza during an interval of shooting *The Stranger's Hand* —but there is little sunshine in Greene's new film. Men are hunted down the harrowing closed circuit of Venetian backwaters, police boats patrol the lagoon, and ships in the port unload nameless cargoes, while the hooded eye of the author's particularly malevolent god watches over all. *The Stranger's Hand* comes shortly to London.

of the Month

ROBERT WAGNER, our Personality for April, is Hollywood's brand-new heart-throb—and a disarming actor at that. All set for stardom in *Beneath The Twelve Mile Reef*, he certainly looks extremely well bounding across the wide screen orange-shirted (or no-shirted), and plunging beneath the Bahaman ocean wave in sequences which turn the screen into a vast aquarium. CinemaScope is not so kind to girl-friend Terry Moore, who looks like a tousled dowager. The story has its quota of thrills, nice and nasty people at odds, and a happy ending—Wagner's conquering smile having subjugated everyone.

VIVECA LINDFORS soaks herself in *The White Countess*, a new play by J. B. Priestley, and the biggest landmark yet in her career. So far it has been films in her native Sweden, and films in the States, where that peculiar Scandinavian blend of remoteness and humanity has already caused her to be dubbed, rather foolishly, "the new Garbo"—foolish, because there can be only one Garbo and, if she is out of the common run, only one Lindfors. Mr. Priestley describes *The White Countess* as a "romantic comedy of ideas showing how a woman has to make a choice between four different men, and how the essential nature of woman differs from that of man." The play is now running at the Saville Theatre.

★ ★ ★

EVELYN LAYE, ALISSANDE WHITE and ANTON WALBROOK behind the scenes of *Wedding In Paris*, a new musical to be presented in London this month, with the added attraction of Evelyn Laye's return to musical comedy. Anton Walbrook, of course, plays a worldly charmer, whom Evelyn Laye tries to hook. Into this web of intrigue is precipitated a wide-eyed girl from the Canadian backwoods, who further complicates matters. However, their skirmishes end with wedding bells—musical comedy's traditional herald of earthly bliss. Alissande was to have played the young heroine, but withdrew to a smaller part, as she did not consider herself ready for stardom. Her place is taken by Susan Swinford. The book is by Vera Caspary, who wrote *Laura*.

April Reading

by

TREVOR ALLEN

Eccentrics and psychics puzzle the ex-country parson in **"To The Wood No More"** by Ernest Raymond (left). William Saroyan (*right*) probes the emotions in **"The Laughing Matter"**

TODAY wives not only accompany husbands into the wilds, they write excellent books about their pioneering life. With her doctor husband, Barbara Spencer left New Zealand to start a hospital in Sandan on the edge of the Gobi Desert. During their three years there—living at first in a mud hovel—it was the only one treating peasants, and he the only qualified doctor in an area 2,000 miles across and twice the size of Britain. Never having seen a fair-haired woman before, the natives thought she must be going grey, and therefore very old despite her young looks.

They had to combat every kind of disease, plus Chinese quacks and age-old custom and superstition. A wealthy business man brought along a peasant girl to be certified fit for hard work before buying her as a slave for the equivalent of little more than a shilling! Thanks to dirty, untrained midwives, mother-and-infant mortality was high. Women who died within a month of childbirth were said to go to the "Bloody Lake," one of the Buddhist ten hells, and if relatives paid the wily priests to place a strand of the dead woman's hair within the temple bell, every time it was rung she would be able to rise from the lake and take air.

Performing Caesarian operations and removing surplus thumbs were among the jobs Mrs. Spencer records in **"Desert Hospital In China"** (Jarrolds, 16s.), the absorbing story of a courageous mission.

Kay Cowin's pioneering with her husband, a Johannesburg architect, was in farming bananas and pineapples from 1,600 virgin acres in the Transvaal's Lowveld country. Her **"Bushveld, Bananas And Bounty"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) describes the trials of a life lived first in a tent, then a log cabin, then a thatched homestead, and the pride of achieving a standard of living now "fast coming back to normal" in a region of "immense interest and rosy future." Neighbours, native servants, domestic pets help to make this a kindling story for all stay-at-home women with dreams of wider, wilder horizons like those reflected in the photographs.

Pioneering—on a few East Anglian acres—is the theme of Elizabeth Harland's **"Wheelbarrow Farm"**

One can even pioneer, in a sense, on a few East Anglian acres with a Queen Anne house. Elizabeth M. Harland makes quite an adventure of pigs, potatoes, currants, flowers, bees in **"Wheelbarrow Farm"** (Benn, 15s.). Village Institute women will particularly enjoy her domestic confidences and humours.

It is a far cry from here to U.S.A. women's clubs, (*Continued on page* 80)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Consommé Georges VI

Rognons de Mouton à l'Ecossaise

Chaudfroid de Volaille Reine Elizabeth

Timbale d'York Duchesse Sandringham

Cailles rôties sur Canapés à la Royale

Salade Anna

Asperges Vertes, Sauce Mousseline

Biscuits glacés Reine Mary

Corbeilles de Friandises

LIFE AT COURT

WHEN Gabriel Tschumi first served in the Buckingham Palace kitchens in 1898 there were four-course breakfasts—trout, snipe, steak, chicken (though just a boiled egg for the aged Queen), twelve-course lunches and dinners, scrumptious teas and late suppers. By Queen Mary's day things were tighter. She would check fruit in the dessert bowl, complain if anything were missing, and say to her lady-in-waiting with the tea caddy: "Level spoonfuls. Don't waste it now." A fine culinary cavalcade we have in **"Royal Chef"** (Kimber, 16s.), with intimate glimpses of royalty at table. (Menu illustrated, one of many plates in the book, is for a meal served at Buckingham Palace shortly after the accession of King George VI.)

Victorian governess to the King of Siam's children and now heroine of a film, and a musical play, *The King And I*. . . . How astonished Anna Leonowens would have been could she have foreseen this apotheosis! But then her story, **"The English Governess At The Siamese Court"** (Arthur Barker, 15s.), had all the colour, drama and humour screen and stage demand—especially when she was fuming at the harem status of women or telling the naughty king and his ministers how to run their show. This reprint, introduced by Leigh Williams, with apt drawings, will delight all who have seen play or film and make others wish they had.

She had no dreams of being a power behind the Throne. What was the secret of this girl's hold on an ageing, capricious King?

Illustrations by ROBERT HODGSON

Story by JOHN W. HERBERT

The Fabulous du Barry —charmer of men

IN the whole glittering gallery of the ladies of Versailles there is none more colourful than Jeanne Du Barry, the milliner's apprentice who charmed her way into Paris society and went on to win the affections of that jaded, temperamental monarch, Louis XV.

Frivolous, frail, warmhearted, this appealing creature with the golden hair and angelic face adorned the Court for six triumphant years, revelling in the adulation and luxury that were the prize of a Royal favourite. Unlike La Pompadour, she had no ambitions dreams of being a power behind the Throne; diamonds, fine clothes, rare porcelain—these, even more than the devotion of the ageing Louis, were the things she lived for.

She was dismissed only when Louis was on his death-bed; and though she passed the rest of her life in semi-obscurity and suffered a tragic end, her brilliant reign at Versailles marks her as one of the great romantic figures of history.

The King, it is said, first glimpsed the lovely Jeanne as she stood among a crowd of Palace sightseers, watching him pass on his way to dine. (In those days such a public progress to Royal

meals was customary at Versailles.) Perhaps Jeanne meant him to see her, for she knew her power over men and was no stranger to their attentions. At all events, the ever-susceptible Louis was struck by her blonde beauty and ordered his Chamberlain, Lebel, to find out who she was.

Lebel, who had promoted many of his master's intrigues and was well-versed in this sort of mission, soon tracked Jeanne down at the residence of her protector, Comte Du Barry. And there, at an intimate candle-lit dinner *à trois,* he coolly appraised her conversation, her deportment and her general suitability for the signal honour of being introduced to his Majesty.

She must have made a good impression—how could she fail to?—for shortly afterwards Lebel invited her to a small party he was giving at Versailles. It was a gay affair of champagne, gallantry and laughter, with Jeanne, loveliest and most scintillating of all the women there, basking in the admiration of Lebel's foppish courtier friends.

But only Lebel knew that another admirer, more eminent than them all, was watching her unseen. For Louis himself, his eyes glued to a spy-hole in the wall, was eagerly taking in the charms of the Chamberlain's ravishing young guest.

It grew late and the party began to break up. But for Jeanne the highlight of the evening was yet to come. She was just about to take her leave when she felt a hand on her arm, and turned to find the King himself at her elbow, inviting her to stay.

Did she at that moment, as he looked into her eyes, divine the dazzling future that could be hers? Did she realise that she had it in her power to captivate the ruler of France and might even, if she played her cards right, step into the shoes of the great Pompadour? Woman's intuition—and

The ever-susceptible Louis was struck by her blonde beauty and immediately ordered his Chamberlain, Lebel, to find out who she was

knowledge of men—may have given her the truth. At any rate, she handled the situation with a boldness that Louis found both charming and irresistible : eschewing the technique of downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, she reached up and kissed the King full on the mouth.

THAT night Jeanne Du Barry remained at Versailles ; and thus at twenty-five, in the full bloom of her beauty, she entered on her fabulous career as Royal favourite at the most luxurious Court in Europe.

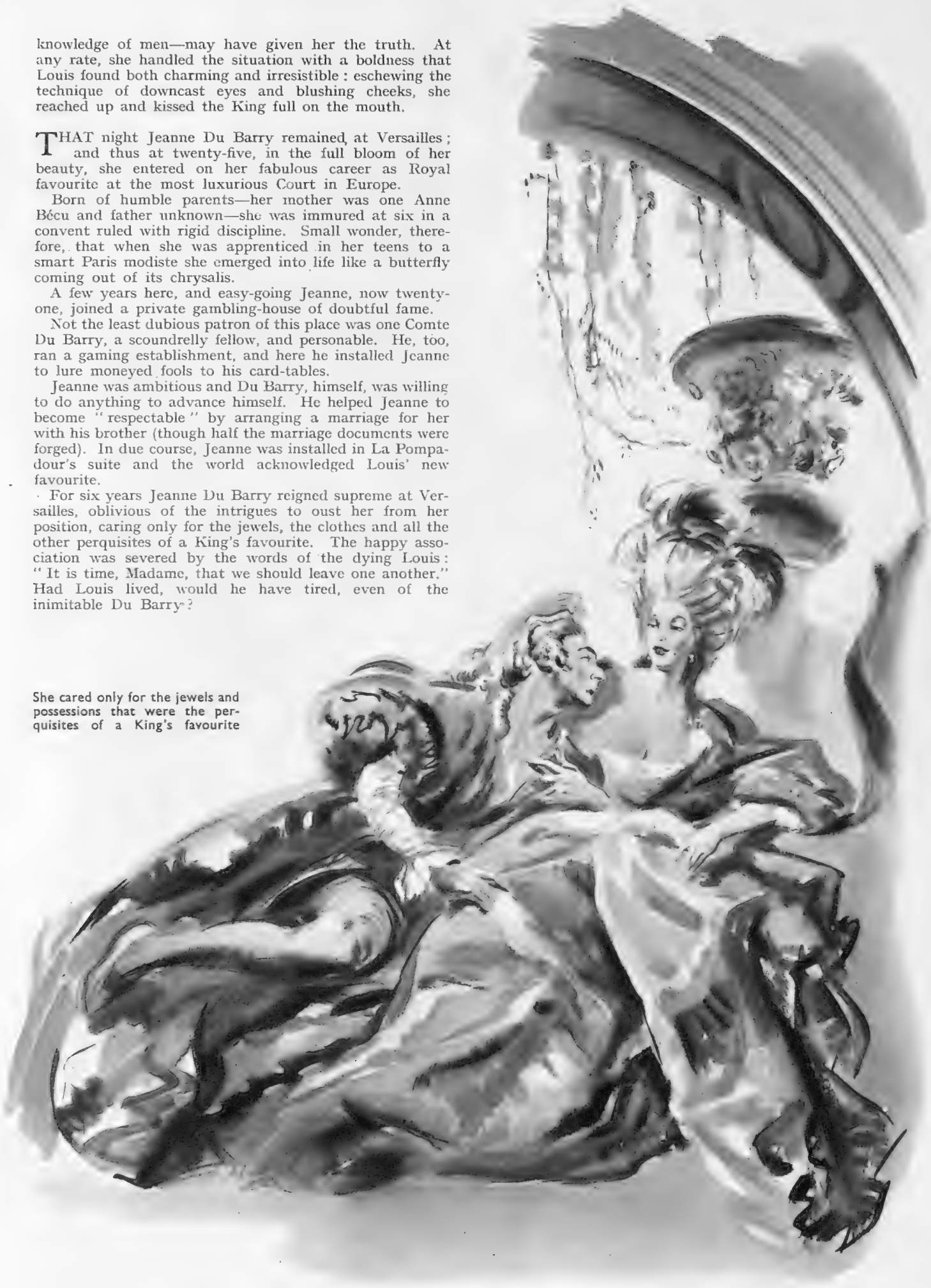
Born of humble parents—her mother was one Anne Bécu and father unknown—she was immured at six in a convent ruled with rigid discipline. Small wonder, therefore, that when she was apprenticed in her teens to a smart Paris modiste she emerged into life like a butterfly coming out of its chrysalis.

A few years here, and easy-going Jeanne, now twenty-one, joined a private gambling-house of doubtful fame.

Not the least dubious patron of this place was one Comte Du Barry, a scoundrelly fellow, and personable. He, too, ran a gaming establishment, and here he installed Jeanne to lure moneyed fools to his card-tables.

Jeanne was ambitious and Du Barry, himself, was willing to do anything to advance himself. He helped Jeanne to become " respectable " by arranging a marriage for her with his brother (though half the marriage documents were forged). In due course, Jeanne was installed in La Pompadour's suite and the world acknowledged Louis' new favourite.

For six years Jeanne Du Barry reigned supreme at Versailles, oblivious of the intrigues to oust her from her position, caring only for the jewels, the clothes and all the other perquisites of a King's favourite. The happy association was severed by the words of the dying Louis : " It is time, Madame, that we should leave one another." Had Louis lived, would he have tired, even of the inimitable Du Barry ?



She cared only for the jewels and possessions that were the perquisites of a King's favourite

Look out!

Here's Spring Again

by

HUMPHREY KNIGHT

Although there is still more to be discovered about allergy diseases, medical science has already brought relief to many hay fever victims, for whom Spring spells bouts of sneezing

THERE are some five million people in Britain whose fancies in Spring do not turn lightly to thoughts of love, but unromantically to sneezes and wheezes—and not strolling through green fields or dallying with loved ones near flower-beds. They are the luckless ones who suffer from hay fever—that most unbecoming of maladies which provokes so much unfair mirth on the part of those who have no allergies.

Anyone who has experienced the months of incessant sneezing, a streaming, prickly nose and the general depression which these symptoms bring to a racked body and mind—can hardly be blamed for wanting to hold back the Spring.

Fifteen thousand feet above this green and pleasant land—from about the middle of May to the middle of July—there hangs a great cloud of pollen. Pollen is one of the chief causes of hay fever, although you don't catch it. You are born with the tendency to it.

Although pollens are the chief cause, they are not the only ones. That appallingly wearying succession of sneezes that seem as if they will throw your brain through the top of your head can be caused by certain foods as well as by stroking cats and dogs—and indeed by any kind of dust.

The human being can be allergic to anything under, and including, the sun.

That hay fever is a nerve-racking complaint no doctor would deny. But when a patient at a clinic is being questioned, and asked how it starts—when did the first attack come on? when did the last attack start? what did he think brought it about?—and answers these questions in the often maddeningly vague way of the layman—and then ends his recital with the comment, "But I 'm sure it 's my nerves, doctor"—he is being much worse than vague—he is, with one or two exceptions, talking arrant nonsense.

So far, there is no permanent cure for hay fever, but a great deal can be done to diminish those exhausting summer sneezing bouts, and indeed, after several successive years of treatment a sneeze-free life can be attained. The treatment used takes little account of the frustrated desire as a child to hit Nanny on the head with an axe; or an adult fear of being misunderstood.

Treatment is much more practical and scientific, and consists sometimes of a series of injections of increasing strength of pollen extract, and the tracing, in a truly Paul Temple manner, of any foods or animals to which the sufferer is allergic.

AN amusing instance of this is the story of a patient who said that every time he visited his mother-in-law he got hay fever. This luckless man had got hold of one of those books which teach you psychology in three easy stages, and informed the doctor that his hay fever was a displacement of the loathing he felt for his mother-in-law.

Politely the Allergist noted it—and then inquired whether the mother-in-law kept dogs or cats. She kept cats, and the patient was allergic to cats. It was as simple as that.

But it is not only the non-medical sufferer who believes that "nerves" cause hay fever or an asthmatic condition. A medical student engaged on writing his thesis for his final medical exam., and working (*Continued on page* 66)

Your *OTHER* Skin

New theories about the nature and function of the underlying layers of the skin in preserving the complexion bring a new interpretation to the old adage . . . beauty is but skin deep

WHY should a well-cared-for complexion suddenly develop unmistakable signs of neglect? Why should any skin which is creamed and massaged nightly produce dry patches, tiny lines and incipient wrinkles? Why should a complexion which is scrupulously cleansed go dull and muddy-looking for no apparent reason at all?

Put these questions to a skin specialist and he will begin by explaining that you have not one skin, but two. There is the outer one, or epidermis—the one you can see and touch—and an under-skin or corium which is composed of glands, muscles, nerves, blood vessels and connective tissues.

The two skins are dependent upon each other, and the condition of the skin you can see depends on the well-being of the skin underneath. If the basal skin layer is out of condition, all kinds of visible complexion troubles develop from over-dryness to over-oiliness, lines, wrinkles, sagging contours, sallowness and so many of the imperfections which add up to a tired, vitiated complexion. It follows that if the cause of complexion troubles is deep-seated, the cure must be "deep," too. A purely superficial beauty routine will not be enough. That is why an apparently well-cared-for skin can, in fact, produce all the symptoms of neglect.

The principle of treating the skin beneath the skin is inspiring a whole new trend of beauty culture. One controversial school of thought goes so far as to say that the skin is not just a protective covering for the body but a vital organ in itself, whose proper functioning is an important factor in the preservation of youth. It is a question of the skin keeping you young, not you keeping the skin young-looking in order to bluff about your birthday. Two new French treatments have already appeared which claim longer-lasting results from their "deep beauty" properties. One is a masque, the other a trio—cleanser, foundation and deep-action night cream.

Trace back any of the common complexion troubles, and the cause will often be found in the deeper layers of the skin. Lines and wrinkles appear when there has been a wasting of the under-tissues, through impaired nutrition and lack of invigorating oils. Spots, dullness and muddiness appear when the circulation is inactive, and the blood fails to penetrate completely into the under-tissues. Dryness and roughness of the skin can be caused by poorly-functioning glands, and contours begin to sag when there is loss of nerve tone and degeneration of the muscle fibres. If these troubles are to be alleviated, the under-skin must be stimulated into proper functioning once more.

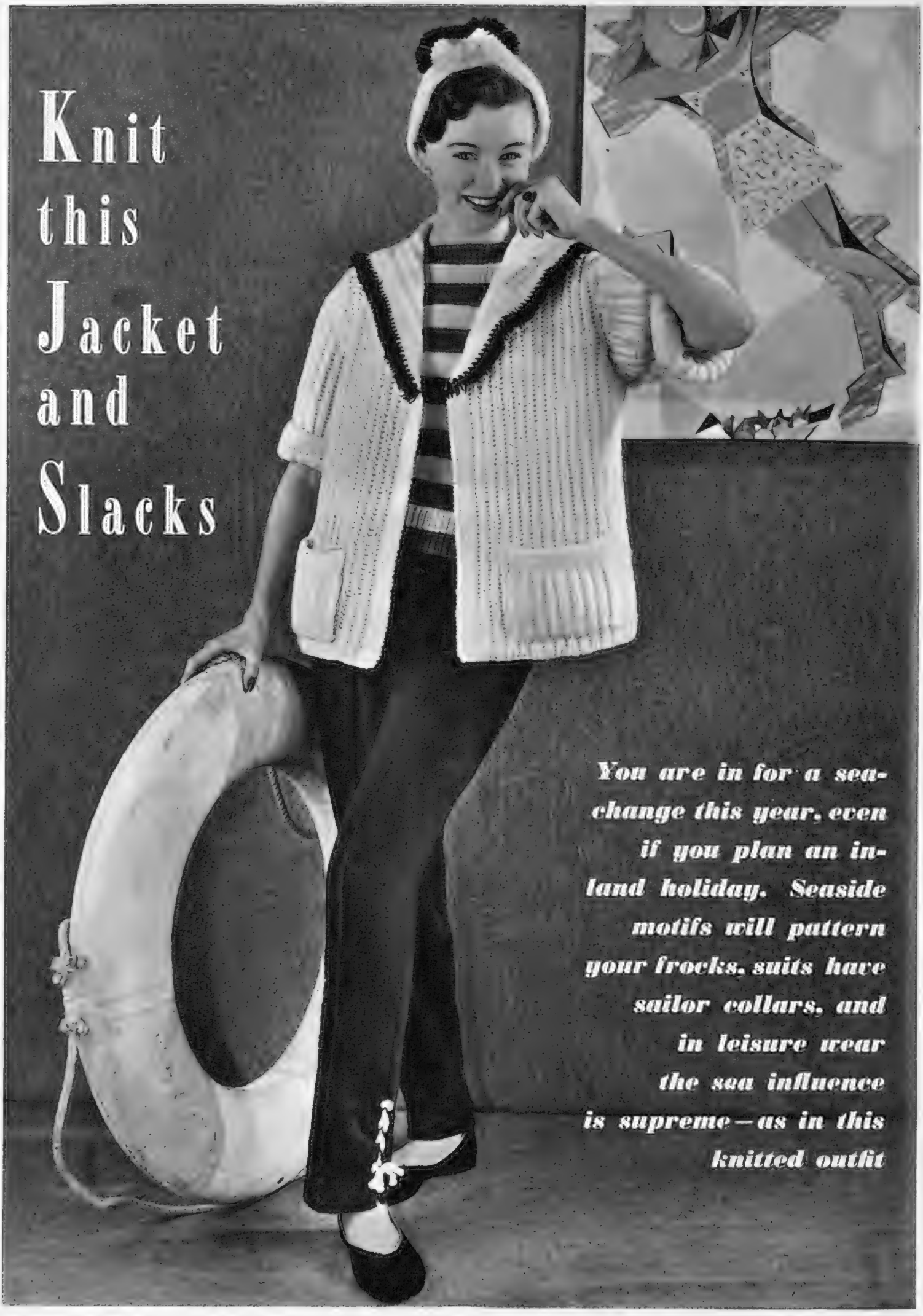
THIS care of the skin beneath the skin is an observable trend in beauty culture to-day. It is not a revolutionary idea, but an extension of what has long been known and appreciated, since the deeper layers of the skin have always been recognised as playing an important part in maintaining the health and beauty of the complexion. Many of the best and most effective beauty preparations have, in fact, always contained "deep beauty" elements.

A cleansing cream which penetrates deeply into the pores, softening the grime, stale make-up and thick secretions and floating them to the surface is, in fact, a "deep cleanser." With this deep pore cleansing, the under-skin can be coaxed back into a normal condition, with the result that the complexion will improve in texture and tone. The best skin foods have always had deep penetrative powers which help to keep the under-skin nourished and functioning properly. Pond's Cold Cream, for instance, contains both deep cleansing and deep emollient properties and Helena Rubinstein's new Vitamin-Lanolin Formula contains enriched oils which work below the surface to fill out the skin and revive a younger look.

If, for no apparent reason, your complexion should suddenly begin to show signs of neglect, it would be wise to make sure your beauty routine is looking after both your skins, your *other* skin, as well.

If you would like advice on how to improve your complexion, send details of your problems, with a stamped and addressed envelope, to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2

Knit this Jacket and Slacks



You are in for a sea-change this year, even if you plan an inland holiday. Seaside motifs will pattern your frocks, suits have sailor collars, and in leisure wear the sea influence is supreme—as in this knitted outfit

THE JACKET

MATERIALS: 20 (22, 24) oz. Marshgrove "Huski Knit" in white; 1 oz. Marriners 4-ply shrinkless in navy. Work on No. 4 needles and a medium crochet hook. Tension, 16 rows and 7 sts. to 2 ins. To fit 34 in. (36 in., 38 in.) bust. Length from shoulder, 22¾ in. (23½ in., 24¼ in.). Sleeve seam, 8 in. (8½ in., 9 in.).

THE SLACKS

MATERIALS: 16 (18, 19) oz. Marriners "Heritage" 4-ply shrinkless in navy; small amount white; 7-in. zip fastener; 1 hook and eye; waist-length of elastic 1½ ins. wide. Work on No. 11 needles and a medium crochet hook. Tension, 10 rows and 8 sts. to 1 in. To fit hip 37 in. (39 in., 41 in.), waist 28 in. (30 in., 32 in.), length 40½ in. (41 in., 41½ in.).

Instructions for both garments are given for smaller size, the larger sizes are given in brackets thus: 34 (36, 38). Abbreviations used throughout—K. = knit; P. = purl; st(s.) = stitch(es); st.st. = stocking stitch; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; sl. = slip; p.s.s.o. = pass slipped stitch over; beg. = beginning.

THE BACK

With No. 4 needles cast on 67 (71, 75) sts.

1st row (right side).—K.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, * insert needle into the loop below next st. and k., sl. st. off needle, k. 1; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, * insert needle into the loop below next st. and k., sl. st. off needle, k. 1; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

Rep. the 2nd and 3rd rows for patt.

Work until back measures 15 (15½, 16) ins. from cast-on edge, ending with the 2nd row.

Shape the Armholes.—Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, and 1 st. at the beg. of the following 8 rows; 53 (55, 57) sts. left.

Work without further shaping until armholes measure 7¾ (8, 8¼) ins. from the beg., measured straight, ending with the 2nd patt. row.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off at the beg. of next and following rows 4 sts., 2 (4, 6) times, and 3 sts., 8 (6, 4) times. Cast off the remaining 21 sts.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 4 needles cast on 39 (41, 43) sts.

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—Sl. 1, k. 4, * insert needle into the loop below next st. and k., sl. st. off needle, k. 1; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, * insert needle into the loop below next st. and k., sl. st. off needle, k. 1; rep. from * to the last 5 sts., k. 5.

Rep. the 2nd and 3rd rows for patt.

Work until front measures the same as the back up to the commencement of the armhole shaping, ending at side edge.

Shape the Armhole.—Cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows, 3 (4, 5) sts. once, and 1 st. 4 times.

Work without further shaping until armhole measures the same as that of back, ending at arm edge.

Shape the Shoulder.—Cast off (*Continued on page 78*)

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles cast on 52 (56, 60) sts.

Work in st.st.

Work 1½ ins., ending with a k. row.

K. the next row on the wrong side to mark hemline. Continue in st.st.

Work 3 ins., ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 18th row until there are 62 (66, 70) sts.

Now continuing to inc. 1 st. at end of every 18th row, continue to inc. for inside leg seam as follows:

1 st. at the beg. of every 8th row 7 times, 1 st. at the beg. of every 6th row 9 times, and 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row 4 times.

There are now 89 (93, 97) sts. on the needle.

Now keeping outside edge straight, continue to inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row until there are 98 (102, 106) sts., and then 1 st. at the beg. of every alternate row until there are 104 (110, 116) sts.

Work 3 rows, ending with a p. row.

Shape Centre-front. 1st row.—Cast off 4 (5, 6) sts., k. to end.

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—Cast off 4 sts., k. to end.

4th row.—P.

Now still keeping outside edge straight, dec. 1 st. on every row at centre-front edge until there are 87 (92, 97) sts. left, 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 83 (87, 91) sts. left, 1 st. on every 4th row until there are 79 (83, 87) sts. left, and then 1 st. on every 8th row until there are 74 (78, 82) sts. left.

Work 7 rows, ending with a p. row.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next row, and then every following 10th row until there are 66 (70, 74) sts. left. Work 9 rows. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front, reversing all shapings.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Margaret Sharp's

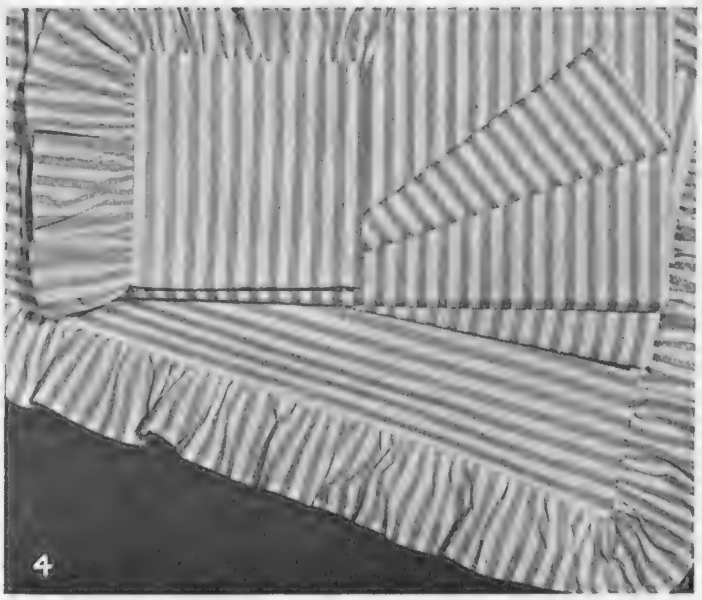
April Shopping List

1 For the supper table in the garden—or dining-room—steadily burning candles in 6-in. tall hurricane-lamp holders. With an all-brass base, 16s. 6d. each; with a cane and brass base, 10s. 6d., post free from Studio Five, 95a Clifton Hill, London, N.W.8. From Hancock Industries, Ltd., 3 Park Mansions Arcade, London, S.W.1, swan ashtray in hand-wrought iron, with anodized aluminium tray in glowing red, green, gold or shell pink, price 11s. 6d., postage 8d.

2 For the English summer, a wool tartan rug, backed with waterproof rayon, invaluable as wrap or groundsheet on outdoor occasions. Measuring 60 in. by 54 in., it folds to fit into a square zipped cover in matching waterproof-backed tartan, and serves as a cushion. When both cushion and rug are needed at the same time, a plastic air pillow can be blown up to fit inside the cover. From Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, London, S.W.1. £7 13s. 6d., post free. Save-a-Life lamp is a safeguard during night-time tyre-changing activities on dark country roads. One side of the disc-shaped lamp shows a red flash warning to oncoming traffic. The other side throws a white light on to the repair operations. From Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, price 39s. 6d., postage 1s. 3d. Latest tennis balls are now covered in a nylon and terylene fabric which wears longer, keeps cleaner, and makes the balls harder. From Harrods, 18s. 9d. for six, postage 1s. 3d.

3 Suitable for indoor or garden use, a table you can make yourself for 38s. Ready to use wooden top, 28 in. by 18 in., in polished light oak, birch or mahogany finish, costs 18s. The 12-in. metal hairpin legs, stove-enamelled in black, are topped with welded-on fixing plates, drilled with three holes to take screws. All you have to do is to fix legs to top with the screws provided. Legs obtainable in four lengths to suit tables of different types, the 9 in. and the 12 in. sizes cost 5s. each, the 18 in. 6s. 6d., 28 in. 7s. 6d. Straight, rubber-shod metal legs in the four sizes are 1s. less in each case. Other wooden tops available from 9s. to 30s. Obtainable from Brianco, 20a The Oval, London, E.2. Postage 3s. per table.

4 Haworth's hemstitched sheets and frilled pillowcases in candy-striped percale. Available in blue, rose, willow green or gold, striped with white, in sets of two sheets and two pillowcases, the single size is £5 15s. a set, double £6 19s. 6d. From Heals, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.I, post free.

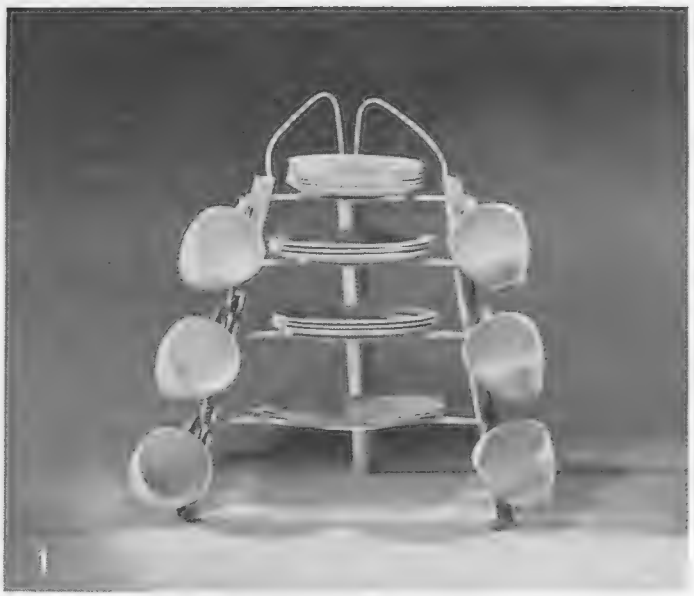


Margaret Sharp's ideas on

Springtime in the House

This is the annual spring-cleaning season, when cupboards are turned out, systems are re-organized, and the urge to refurbish comes to the houseproud. Here are Margaret Sharp's ideas for cleaning and restocking the cupboards.

1 A space-saving, painted-metal china tidy to stand beside the draining-board. As in-daily-use tableware is dried, it can be stacked on the tidy out of harm's way, ready to hand at table-setting time. From Robert Jackson, 172 Piccadilly, London, W.1, price 18s. 9d. Obtainable by post, 2s. extra.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2 Birthday and other special occasion cakes baked in tins shaped as numbers clearly indicate what anniversary is being celebrated. Children are particularly impressed by them. Numbers 0 to 9 available. The tins, designed without bases to stand directly on a baking sheet, cost from 13s. each; postage 1s. 3d. for one, 1s. 9d. for two, from Harrods, S.W.1.

3 To solve the amateur decorator's problem of what to do with paint-pot and spare brushes when perilously balanced on a ladder—a wire rack with an expanding paint-pot holder, which securely grips ½-pint, 1-pint and quart size tins, and two roomy slots on either side of the tin to accommodate brushes which are not in action. Side arms of expanding wire stretch across the tread of a stepladder and the hook ends grip the back edge of the tread, leaving the rack safely suspended from the front edge. The rack can also be hooked on to the rung of an ordinary ladder. From Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, price 4s. 11d., postage 9d.

2

4 Three staunch allies in the housework-without-tears campaign. The 3-in. long silky goat hair in this slender-backed dusting brush is so soft and fine that it stirs with the slightest movement. Ideal for dusting delicate decorative china and other valuable things. From Harrods, 13s., postage 1s. 3d.

Makers of Mothdoom, the efficient lavender-scented, non-staining liquid moth-killer, have introduced for use with their product a plastic and rubber spray, mounted on a screw-top which fits into their 3s. 9d. and 7s. size bottles. The spray can be used without effort, cannot go wrong and lasts indefinitely, price 5s. 6d., from good chemists and stores.

The well-known range of Mansion furniture and floor polishes now includes a fragrant, rose-perfumed polish suitable for use on all types of wood. It will not darken delicate light-coloured woods. Price 1s. 3d. a tin, from usual suppliers.

4

3

COOKERY . . . by JANET DARBY

Almond paste and spices are as traditional as the decoration of eggs and chicks on a Simnel cake

Simnel Cakes and Easter Bread

Our contributor evokes childhood memories on the subject of traditional Easter fare

IF I were asked to choose which of the festivals I preferred, I would choose Easter. In a way this choice is bound up with childhood memories, as most things are; but, childhood memories apart, there is a lightness and a grace to the preparations for the Easter holiday which the other festivals lack. After the long and dreary frozen months, the innocence of the reborn world reflects itself in everything pertaining to Easter.

The radiant white and yellow and green of spring flowers; young vegetables, spring lambs. The air is fragrant with the scent of fruit blossoms: the hedges are dressed in the tenderest green. It is, in fact, a season of youth, which is, I suppose, why I can never think of Easter without going back through the years to my mother's kitchen, and the bustle of preparations.

There were always rows of eggs waiting to be dressed in their multi-coloured coats, for we never had commercial Easter eggs —cardboard shams with un-egglike contents. Ours were real eggs—hard-boiled and covered with pretty patterns. For weeks beforehand my mother would collect scraps of bright coloured ribbons, with guaranteed unfast colours. Then, on the Saturday, she would cut stars and circles and slots in the pieces of silk, and make careful patterns on the eggs, sticking them in place with a little white of egg before tying each egg into a piece of muslin.

Onion skins were tied on in strips to make stripy orange and white eggs. Then all the decorated eggs were placed into a pan of cold water and brought slowly to the boil. When they were really hard-boiled they were placed, still in their little bags, on a rack to dry. How eagerly we would wait to see the eggs undressed, and all the brightness of the stars and the stripes and the little circles revealed. They weren't merely hard-boiled eggs; they had a special Easter taste to us. I can still remember it.

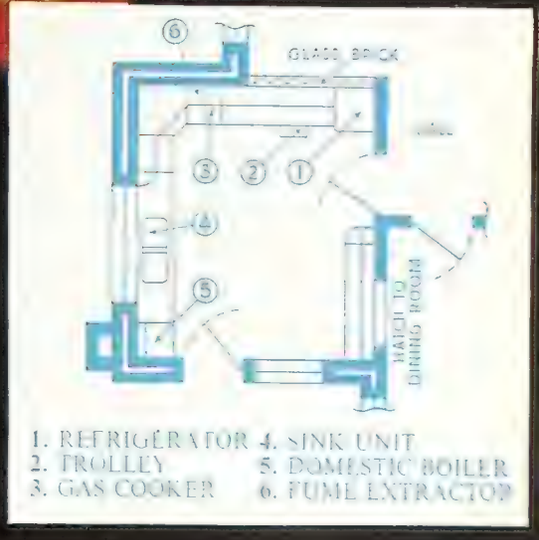
I CAN remember, too, the disaster which befell my brother through his own greed. We used to have a bowl of these coloured eggs as an Easter table decoration, and for this bowl my mother used to prepare a few special eggs, which she painted in their design first, to see how they would look once the pieces of silk were put in place for boiling. My brother filched one of these eggs, thinking it was already hard-boiled, and put it into his trouser pocket, intending to eat it when he came out of church.

I sat next to him, and heard the crunch as he sat down; saw, too, the look of dismay on his face, without comprehending what was troubling. He fidgeted rather more than usual during the service. I told him crossly to sit still. It was only when we were leaving the pew—he, walking in a strange, stiff-legged manner —that I saw the trickle of egg-yolk oozing from his trouser leg into his shoe. I don't think he has ever forgotten that dreadful

Whether you require a complete kitchen or only a single unit you must, first of all, SEND FOR THIS BOOK — the most informative and authoritative work on kitchen planning. Please ask for publication E.R.102.

A thing of Beauty ....

Although gracing some of the world's largest and finest residences, "English Rose" is bringing pleasure and freedom to housewives in even the smallest kitchens in thousands of ordinary homes. Its permanent beauty is ageless; its grace of line, its range of colours and unit arrangement ensure that an "English Rose" Kitchen reflects YOUR personality — for no two "English Rose" kitchens are exactly alike.



In the "English Rose" kitchen the furnishings and appliances are of uniform dimension, colour and styling. There are no untidy ups and downs, colour and design variations and dirt-collecting gaps as with a miscellany of different maker's products — yet the cost is so very little more! "English Rose" includes sink units, floor cabinets, wall cupboards, refrigerators, gas or electric cooker, domestic boiler, air conditioning and serving trolley.

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Rose by courtesy of Weldon's Ladies' Journal

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No colour sets the theme of spring as well as yellow, so for this decoration scheme, a fluffy yellow chick stands on lemon flavoured, lemon coloured glacé icing, ringed with almond paste balls browned lightly under the grill or in the oven, and the whole set off with a daffodil-yellow ribbon bow. The basic recipe for this cake and for the cake illustrated on the previous page is given on page 64

experience, without even the consolation of sympathy from me. I regret to say that, like little Audrey, I laughed and laughed.

WE always had cod on Good Friday, but it was a transformed fish for this occasion; not the thin, mingy slices that we might have had on ordinary days, but a whole, noble fish, stuffed and cooked in a special Easter way. It would come to the table on a large oval dish with a blue and white border, swimming in its own rich sauce, with little button mushrooms convoying it like miniature dolphins.

Hot cross buns for tea on Good Friday; the rich, spicy smell of the kitchen lingers with me yet. My brother once ate sixteen at a sitting, and lived. There's a special angel who looks after greedy children.

We never ate Simnel Cake until Easter Sunday, although it always sat handsomely on its silver doily throughout the weekend, just to assure us that there was still something good to look forward to in the way of food. It was usually flanked by a dish of Easter biscuits; crisp, crunchy biscuits, with nuts on top of them.

Roast lamb on Sunday, chicken on Monday, was the unalterable rule. And Monday, too, had its special dainty in the form of the Easter Loaf—a beautiful dark golden round loaf, topped with sugar and chopped almonds and raisins.

If you would like to try some of these dishes, here are the recipes. I hope you will enjoy them as much as we did, and still do, in my family.

Hot Cross Buns (recipe makes one dozen)
1 lb. flour; ¾ oz. yeast; 2 tablespoons caster sugar; 1 level teaspoon each powdered cinnamon and mixed spice; 2 ozs. each, margarine, currants, sultanas and mixed peel; 1 egg; 1 pinch salt; about half pint milk.

Sift flour, salt and spices together, rub in the fat, and add the prepared fruit; add the sugar, too, reserving half a teaspoon to liquefy the yeast. Mix the yeast with this half teaspoon until it turns to liquid, add a little warm milk and pour into the centre of the dry ingredients. Add the beaten egg, and mix all to a soft dough with the hand. Lightly flour a board, turn the mixture on to it and divide into twelve portions, forming them into smooth round shapes. Put the buns on to a greased and floured tin, marking each with a cross, put into a warm place to rise until they (*Continued on page* 64)

Celebrity Special

Yvonne Sanson's Zuppa Inghlese

WITH the reputation of a wonderful hostess to maintain, Yvonne Sanson, the lovely star of *Star Of India*, has ideas on the importance of good food to good entertaining. She has standards about coffee, too. Nothing less than an Expresso is good enough to follow one of Miss Sanson's exquisite dinners, so an Expresso coffee machine has been installed in the lounge of her beautiful house, outside Rome, as other people might have a cocktail cabinet.

Yvonne Sanson's speciality is Zuppa Inghlese, which is the delicious Italian version of our humble English trifle. Ideally, the sponge should be home made, cut into slices, with half soaked in sherry and half in rum. Then make an Italian custard, with one-third cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, to which is added, slowly, two cups of scalded milk, off the boil. The mixture is cooked slowly until it thickens, and then two (four if possible) slightly beaten egg yolks are added, and cooked a little longer on a very low flame. When cool, the custard is flavoured with vanilla. Lay the rum sponge and the sherry sponge in a fireproof dish and cover with the custard. Beat the whites of the eggs with a tablespoon of sugar until meringue stiff, pour over the dish and brown in the oven. It can be served either hot or cold, after chilling in the frig.

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Keep Back A Memory (*Continued from page 18*)

when everything is certificated and niched, so that I could not take the ordinary job. I just went into a shop and I—I wasn't very good at it."

"I am sure that you are under-estimating your qualities."

"I'm not." Nervously she pulled at a diminutive muslin handkerchief, nothing more than a wisp. "Then I met Charles. Neither of us seemed to have got very much out of life."

Helen realized that her carefully pencilled brows lifted lightly. "I think Charles got everything he wanted out of life."

"I did not think so."

THE tea arrived on a silver tray, exquisitely served, yet Helen knew that the girl noticed none of the backcloth of a room over-carefully prepared for the great scene. She did not notice the frock that Helen wore, and the hair-do. She accepted the tea and drank it as though it were nectar, looking up gratefully afterwards.

"Thank you. It's lovely. Charles and I used to talk a lot about life, he is a wonderful talker, he always made me feel thrilled to listen to him. Didn't you feel that way?"

"A little," Helen admitted, her mouth hardening.

"We both felt that money was not important but that emotions were."

"And you are in love with him?"

"Yes, I am." Christine spoke very slowly, her dark eyes looking beyond Helen.

"You want to marry him?"

"Very much."

"Only I am in the way?"

The under-lip quivered nervously. "You have every right, of course, and I don't want to hurt you, but I don't think that you really want Charles, and I want him so very, very much."

"On the contrary I'm still in love with Charles." It was curious that Helen should confess something which all along she had refused to admit to herself. It was madness to lay it before her rival, but she did it recklessly.

"Charles said that you had never been in love with him."

"It was not love in the way you probably feel it, because I am not a highly emotional person. The veneer of my upbringing has put a brake on that sort of thing, I suppose."

"I had no upbringing. I just grew up."

"And both of us are in love with Charles."

"I know." She looked a little limp; the black frock was creased, it did not fit very well and had been cheap in the beginning. It was old now. Wretchedly she said, "Charles wants some sort of a foothold in life, he wants roots."

"His roots were here in this flat." With a sweep of her arm on which a diamond bracelet radiated a hot white snow about the wrist, Helen indicated the background to their marriage.

"He wanted more."

"He married the woman he desired and we were happy What more could he ask?" Had she not worked for Charles? Had she not helped him in his career?

The girl began to cry weakly. "I am going to have a baby," she said wretchedly.

AS she said it, Helen became aware of something she hoped she had forgotten. It was Charles that time when all hopes of children had gone for them. He had pulled at his lower lip as he did when emotionally disturbed, and had tried to laugh it off. "Oh well, it's okay by me. One can't have everything in life, and these things happen, don't they?" It had not really been okay by her either, for she had loathed the idea of never having a child, but perhaps she had become used to it. It seemed wrong that life could be so cruel and for no reason.

She said, "I suppose you think this changes everything, but I don't see that it makes so much difference."

"Charles and I want the baby, but for his sake, the baby's I mean, we ought to be married."

"And still I stand in the way?" The girl sobbed softly. It seemed that the gap of the years between them widened considerably. Helen said, "I don't see why I should help you, when you and Charles have only yourselves to blame."

"Only that it might be the greatest thing that you have ever done. The only one that mattered. If I could help you in anything, I would."

Helen let that pass. Abruptly she said: "Many things have mattered in my life," yet as she tried to enumerate them, knew that she couldn't, and almost defiantly she tried to stub out the last cigarette in a silver ash tray. "And why should I help you?"

"I don't know. Only that I believe you will. People do help one another. They are quite wonderful."

THERE came silence. Only the clock ticking on the side, and it had never seemed so insistent to Helen before. Every sound was a second of her life drifting elusively past her and away for ever. She had had so little. Nothing. She and Charles had been apart long before he had walked out of the house. Whatever she did now he would never come back to her. "You want me to let the divorce go through?"

"It means everything to us."

"I see. When is the baby coming?"

"In January."

For no reason at all she said, half to herself, "My goddaughter is having one then, and I am getting it adopted for her so that she can go to Australia and marry someone else. How idiotic it is, so many babies where they are not wanted, so few where they are wanted desperately. Roots." Then she stemmed the floodtide of talk that could get her nowhere, and lit yet another cigarette.

After a moment Christine said, "You are wonderfully kind. Charles said you would not understand, but you do."

"Do I?" Then very slowly and for no reason. "I think I'm glad you came to see me. I'll think about this. There seems no point in standing out does there? I—I almost hope that you will let me see the baby."

"Why not? We'd like it." The small triangular face flushed like a shell washed on some beach, and still rosy from the sea. "We are already so fond of him."

"I'm sure you are." She felt a little faint. This would leave her entirely alone. Her people were dead. She would have no husband. No rights. No actors on the stage of her life. In doing this she would shut the door fast on her own future, and next year she would be forty! It is a bitter age, she thought.

"You had better go now Christine, for there is no more today is there?"

"I suppose not. I want to say thank you, but words are poor things. They never say enough, do they?"

THEY went to the door together, Helen opened it. Crossing the hall they came to the street door and beyond it the quiet street in the good neighbourhood. There were window boxes gaudy with straggling petunias and geraniums. The planes with their dappled trunks. And all empty, thought Helen suddenly, all as matterless as I am. . . .

Christine turned impulsively on the step itself. She said. "I hate to think that you might be lonely."

"I don't see that I shall be lonelier than before. It is now four years since Charles left me."

"Yes, but there's the future. Don't you ever think about it?. Have you no plans."

"None at all." And she was quite cold.

"There—there isn't anybody else?"

Helen shook her head. "I happened to love Charles. There couldn't be anybody else, you see."

Then inspired by a sudden wave of emotion, the girl leant towards her. She said. "The goddaughter with the baby that you intend to get adopted? Hadn't you thought that it is a lonely world for such children? Couldn't you bring it here and make it your own? You could both be so very happy, you know. It could give you so much. Roots. . . ."

Helen came back into the house again, but when she had closed the door on the sunshine, it came through the thick panels and into her home with her. She came into the sitting-room and saw the tea things had been cleared away, the cushions tidied. Then suddenly, and, of course it was fancy, she thought that she heard the sound of a very little baby crying. It was angry with the world that did not want it. It had roots to thrust down into the earth of that world.

Her eyes became warm.

She was tremendously happy.

END

Simnel Cakes And Easter Bread

(*Continued from page 62*)

have doubled their size, then put into a *hot* oven to bake, six to ten minutes. Take out of the oven, brush each bun lightly with sugar and milk, and return to the oven for a couple of minutes to dry.

Simnel Cake

6 oz. margarine; 5 oz. caster sugar; 1 tablespoon syrup; 3 eggs; 8 oz. flour; 1 level teaspoon Bird's golden raising powder; ½ level teaspoon mixed spice; ½ level teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons milk; 1½ lb. mixed dried fruit; 4 oz. finely chopped candied peel; 2 oz. ground almonds; 1½ lb. almond paste.

Beat margarine till softened, then add sugar and beat till creamy. Measure syrup into mixture in a heated tablespoon ; beat till light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Sift flour, golden raising powder, spice and salt together and fold into the creamed mixture with milk. Stir in fruit, peel and ground almonds.

Place in a greased and lined cake tin, 7 ins. across. Bake in a moderate oven for about 2½ hours. Test with a warmed skewer before removing from the oven, to see if the centre is dry. When ready, turn on to a wire rack to cool. When cake is cold, split and sandwich with half the paste, rolled to fit.

Roll out remainder and place on top. Notch round edge with thumbs and fingers, and decorate with a fork. Make little balls of the paste and arrange them like bird's eggs in a nest on top of the cake. Blanch and shred about 1½ oz. almonds and decorate the marzipan layer as for the cake on page 60. Then brush all over with beaten egg. Place in hot oven for a few minutes to brown, or brown under the grill, but watch carefully as it will scorch quickly.

Easter Loaf

1 lb. flour; 2 oz. butter or margarine; 2 oz. raisins; 1 egg; 1 oz. yeast; 2 oz sugar; 1 oz. almonds; ½ pint milk.

Cream the yeast with one teaspoon sugar. Mix with the lightly warmed milk, make a well in the centre of the warmed flour, and pour in the yeast mixture, mixing with the hand to a soft dough. Leave to rise in a warm place for three-quarters of an hour. Then cream the butter, mix it into the dough, add the raisins, reserving a few for the top of the loaf, and the egg beaten with the sugar. Let the mixture rise again, then place into a large round and well greased and floured tin. Do not fill more than halfway. Let the loaf rise again till the tin is full. Now put in a hot oven to bake. When it is light brown, take out and quickly brush over the top with beaten egg, sprinkling it with a little sugar, the chopped and blanched almonds and the raisins. Return to the oven until the top is dark golden and shiny. Cool on a wire rack

END

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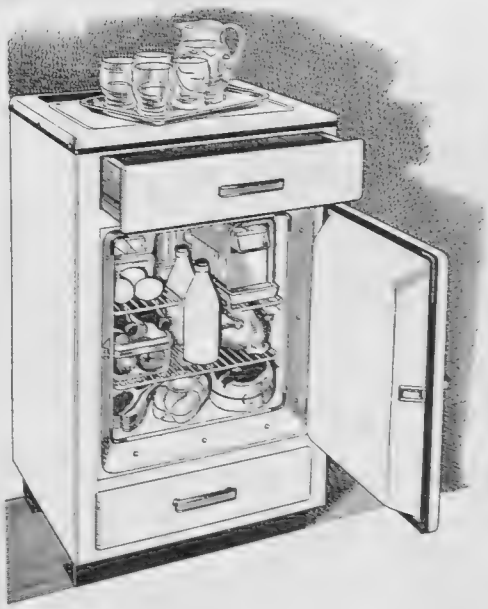
Busy housewives bless the day they had a gas refrigerator installed; it is economical, it rules waste right out of the kitchen. It enables you to get the upper hand of your catering problems however large or small your family. It makes for food cleanliness and that means good health.

But gas refrigeration is not only economical and healthy, it's quite surprising how it boosts your morale. Think of those lovely iced sweets and iced drinks in the summer. A gas refrigerator is the one luxury that is absolutely necessary.



Good-its GAS!

The Gas Industry makes the best use of the Nation's coal

Issued by THE GAS COUNCIL

The London Collections (*Continued from page 20*)

couture house. I liked two or three of her afternoon dresses which showed imagination in the swathing and draping, and were made of silk printed in vibrant jewel colours.

Michael showed a choice small collection of consistently high standard. He has no peer in the tailoring of suits, and wisely keeps mainly to them, his forte. The subtle downward curve of all his jackets towards a slight rounded dip at the back spoilt me for straight-cut suits thereafter. I liked the U-shaped necklines, the sleeves set in just beyond the normal shoulder-line, the sailor collars combined with Magyar sleeves.

At Lachasse there was plenty of adventure in fabrics. Memorable colour combinations in suits, which had wide-cut "mid-century" revers and skirts easy to walk in, were a grey suit with tan blouse and cuffs, a wonderful bright blue cotton corduroy (which still dazzles my mind's eye), a quince-coloured wild silk; and among the dresses, a cerulean blue with a cherry-lined jacket.

Worth's clothes were all aristocrats: they *looked* rare and pricey, in design, fabric and workmanship. I liked particularly the stand-up collars which gave their suits a Regency dash, fitted coats with very full swirling skirts, and grand ball gowns; all suggested The Good Life.

Victor Stiebel is a creative artist who never wants for original ideas, and this season he features the cocoon coat and the short evening dress—both supremely right for 1954.

Norman Hartnell, naturally, could not be expected to relinquish his iced-cake, full-length party dresses, but pretty as they are, they belong to the past rather than the future. His colours were young and hopeful (reflected in the lively titles: Lemon Lily, Damask Rose, Snow on Mount Carmel—the last a turquoise landslide), and there was a great deal of yardage in the skirts, but too little variety in the tops. I find it hard to be dispassionate about Mr. Hartnell, since he offered us all a cup of tea—and I do hope it's sweltering at Ascot.

There was lilac on Hardy Amies's mantelpiece and lilac, beautifully matched, in his linings, tweeds and prints—a bewitching colour. Many of his dresses were of the kind that every woman would long to have in her wardrobe. His "French Fern," for instance, had the true sheath princess line which very few designers have been brave enough to make.

MATTLI also was best on dresses—though the necklines of too many of these were obscured by little foxes which the models clung to and which we had not come to see. His suits, topcoats and day dresses were over-conservative in design and colouring, but he showed three exquisite (unfurred) evening dresses, each a contrast from the others: first, a narrow black silk with a draped cape collar; secondly, an apple green short crinoline with permanently whirled skirt; thirdly, again short, black and white lace making an apron over black tulle—the most unforgettable of several "overskirt" styles.

Digby Morton's collection showed a clever use of colour, plenty of imagination, and so little monotony that it is hard to define the main trends! Of two coats with unusual Chinese slit hemlines, the first, in natural linen for day, was a great success, one of the most charming numbers in the collection. My favourites among the dresses were a printed silk dress in "magic lake" blue, called "Spider's Web," another pink cloud of a dress looking like the spirit of spring, called "Cherry Blossom," and a short yellow evening dress called "Spanish Gold," very full, worn with an effective black stole and petticoat.

Last—chronologically only—came John Cavanagh: his was about the brightest show, for he is the Dufy of the fashion world, and candy pink, grotto green, brilliant blue, orange and violet were scattered in cheerful profusion over clothes essentially conventional in outline. The carefree jumble of colours kept one in a pleasant state of suspense as model after model strode in, swinging her umbrella. I liked the imaginative way he used linen—still the most thoroughbred summer fabric—in a coat lined with tweed worn with a matching linen blouse and tweed corselet skirt; in a formal white waist-length jacket, sparkling with diamanté; and in a beige dress forming a base for brown lace. Mr. Cavanagh's collection was a delightfully light-hearted, reckless affair, provoking violent pros and cons among his audience, but indifference, never.

We have looked at the highlights, now—what of the reckoning? It is the job of the couture house to be daring, adventurous, brim-full of new ideas, cutting losses, not counting costs—for who else is to blaze the trail? The time for the watering-down process, the compromise, the apologetic finding of the common denominator is afterwards. These highlights should have formed the general standard, and above that should have soared heights of audacity which we have not seen. *Then* we should not have come away thinking, Is there really nothing new?

END

Swap Your Child For Another! (*Continued from page 29*)

If anything, these agencies named err on the side of caution which, of course, is as it should be.

The principle of all exchanges is that each child spends two, three or four (preferably not less than three) weeks in the other child's home. He is received absolutely as one of the family—which means sharing family treats as well as "chores" if these are part of the "host" child's routine.

The milieu of guest and host always being as alike as it was possible to arrange, this works very well. The guest's expenses are paid by the host, but children do take some pocket-money to the extent that they would have it at home on holiday.

Ideal as exchanges are, they are, in practice, sometimes difficult to organize. The jigsaw-puzzle of date, locality, age, type, hobbies and milieu cannot always be solved. Suppose there is a Manchester policeman's son of twelve, interested in chemistry, whose parents want him to learn French by the seaside, it is probable that the French boy of twelve with similar interests has an entirely different social background.

The En Famille Agency, established after the war to foster international hospitality, found they had to refuse so many "exchanges" because of the problems of reconciling tastes and backgrounds. The result is that the "paying guest" arrangements have largely superseded the exchanges. Many families here and abroad (more abroad!) are anxious to offer hospitality to a foreign child, even when their own children may not want to go abroad themselves. So the "host family" scheme, as it is called, was instituted.

Partners are as carefully matched up in this scheme, and references checked just as scrupulously. But the young visitor goes as a paying guest. This is obviously more expensive than the exchange system. Although hosts usually only want to cover expenses, the charge for even a simple holiday in a host-family in France, Italy or Switzerland, where the cost of living is very high, works out at about £7 a week; in other European countries the figure is between £5 and £7. Again, all entertainment and "extras" are paid by the host. En Famille's charges vary from family to family; a stay in a country house by the Adriatic is more expensive, naturally, than one behind the grocer's shop in a mountain village.

For the over sixteens there are two further possibilities: Vacation courses and work camps. Harold Ingham, who works in conjunction with the World University Service, is this year taking parties for two courses, one at Lausanne and one at Mayrhofen near Innsbruck, specially for older schoolchildren. The cost including tuition, fare, accommodation and all meals is about thirty-three gns., for a three week's course. And the Allied Circle is sending older children and students to agricultural camps in several European countries. No wages are paid, but board and lodging is free. Both at work camps and at vacation courses there is ample supervision, and accommodation is in pleasant surroundings—though not necessarily luxurious!

All agencies mentioned have representatives abroad and should the child not be happy, there is always someone to turn to. But complaints are rare—especially considering the fact that few of the children can really speak the language of their hosts. Most know a few phrases, but even those who haven't a notion do not need to be deterred from going into private houses abroad, all on their own: the agencies can always arrange for an "English only" child to stay in a family where someone speaks our language. It is remarkable—and enviable—how quickly children pick up the essentials, and the will to go on studying after the holiday has been freely demonstrated. A youth club group returned from abroad last year and demanded regular language classes. What is more, attendance never flagged all through this winter!

There is no minimum or maximum age for exchanges and paying guests. The En Famille Agency last year fixed up a German boy of five. He travelled to London alone and showed no discomposure. But this admittedly is exceptional. On the whole, ten or twelve years old is a better age to start globe-trotting. Most agencies arrange "accompanied group travel" at reduced fares, even for "individually placed" children, but air travel, and especially the kindliness and efficiency of B.E.A. air hostesses, makes light of travel for the young globe-trotters. Records show that many hundreds of children travel alone by air during the year, so far with no alarming consequences.

END

Here's Spring Again!

(*Continued from page 53*)

all hours, developed an asthmatic condition which he thought was caused by the nervous strain he was undergoing. He had had asthma for a period as a boy, but it had never recurred.

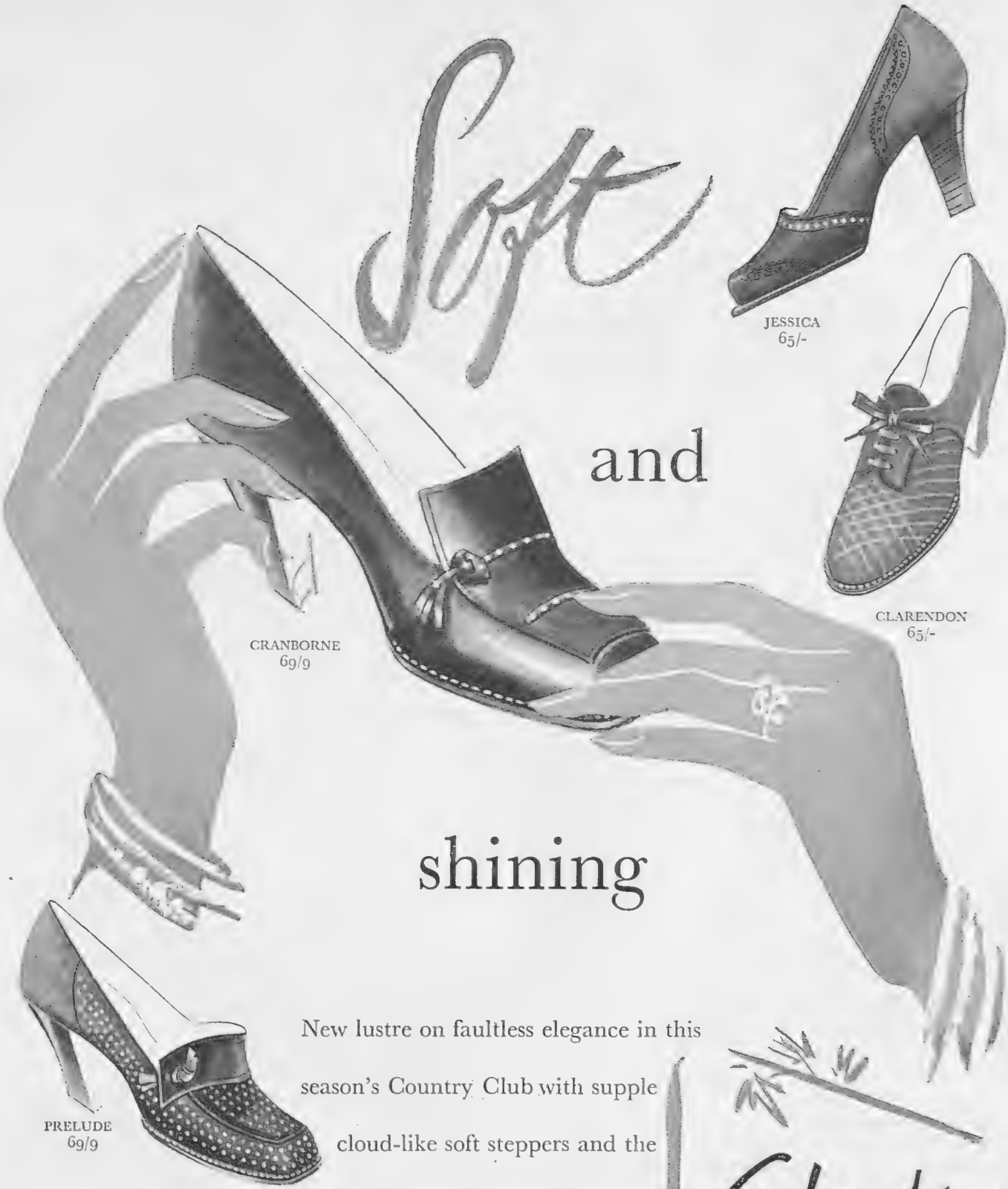
ONCE again the allergist cross-examining and testing found out the cause of the trouble. The student had been smoking fifty cigarettes a day. But what was worse for him, had been existing entirely on egg and milk drinks.

He was allergic to milk in excessive quantities and, of course, the hundreds of cigarettes he was smoking naturally aggravated his chest trouble. His diet was altered, his smoking stopped and the asthmatical condition cleared up. The significant fact is this—that he still had the mental strain of writing his thesis and the natural worry of his final exams ahead of him. But the asthma did not come back, although the nervous tension was in no way changed.

Although spring heralds summer, as far as the allergies are concerned it is difficult to break up the seasons of the year into calendar months. In February and March some people need to start treatment to help them get through the summer when the grass is out from mid-May to mid-July. There are other pollens from weeds and flowers in the summertime that can cause trouble.

In large parts of the United States, New (*Continued on page 68*)

Soft and shining



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York and the Mid-west, there are three definite hay fevers which occur regularly in spring, summer and autumn. In spring, there is the tree pollen, which in this country causes little trouble. In the summer, there are grasses which cause the same trouble as in this country. But the American autumn produces the ragweed which sets millions of eyes weeping and makes redder day by day millions of noses.

So far it has not reached this country, but we may not lag behind America much longer in this respect. It is possible that American troops, and lease-lend pig food can introduce this weed over here—seeds can get caught up in the turn-ups of men's trousers.

Men and women alike are liable to the allergies, and hay fever which is probably the most common is not always confined to the summer. Many people get hay fever attacks all the year round, and apart from the wheezes and sneezes there are the skin rashes which result from you being allergic to certain things.

Fish is a good example. There are many who dare not eat in a restaurant in case the cutlery has been washed in water where fishy plates have been before. The result of this could produce swellings of the mouth and nettle-rash.

Today, there is a fierce war being fought against hay fever, and many experiments go on to test the efficacy of new drugs which are mostly created to produce a degree of relief.

Here's Spring Again!

To date, there is no satisfactory definition of the word "allergy"—but about the nearest you can get is to describe it as something to which you are sensitive. And because in a few cases, psychology does enter into this, that can also include mothers-in-law, too.

But spring is here, the only pretty ring-time, and so if you meet one of the unhappy five millions who winces when you talk of bluebells in the wood—don't write him off as a grouchy character. If you own a shipping line send him straight off on a three-month voyage. It is perhaps the best preventive of all.

END

Problem For Patricia (*Continued from page* 31)

Shakespeare to himself—this sceptre'd isle and all the rest of it—but he couldn't quite get it right.

That made him frown for a moment and he thought of asking one of the gardeners how the lines ran. On second thoughts, however, that seemed a little risky. He merely smiled and said what a nice evening it was and the gardener agreed that it wasn't too bad. There was a pretty nursemaid coming down the path soon after that. He thought of asking her, too; but decided that would be definitely unwise and didn't even admire the baby in the pram.

He had forgotten about Shakespeare by this time. A new refrain was running through his head now. Under-secretary of state, it went, under-secretary of state, under-secretary of state. It sounded just like a train going up a long incline, and he thought how very apt it was that it should sound like that. At this moment he stepped out into the sunshine from behind a thick clump of lilac bushes. There were three copper beeches just to his left, then a privet hedge with some potting sheds behind it, while out in the clearing in front half a dozen boys were playing noisy cricket using their jackets as stumps.

Vincent stepped back under the shade of one of the copper beeches to watch them. That was a good ball, he thought, that boy will make a cricketer. What he didn't know was that there was yet another boy up the tree directly above his head. This was the fat interfering boy whom the others had refused to play with, and he had retired up the tree in high dudgeon to think out some deadly revenge.

The fat boy stealthily drew a catapult from his pocket as Vincent went on watching the game of cricket: the batsman had just scored two runs with a mighty swipe to leg. The catapult was loaded now and the fat boy was aiming it tentatively at the back of Vincent's new grey hat. He probably wouldn't have let fly in any case—it was a little too dangerous—and Vincent spoilt his aim by suddenly starting forward. The batsman had taken another swipe and this time the ball came soaring through the air towards the copper beeches.

Vincent instantly saw himself as another kind of hero; but unfortunately he missed the catch rather badly and there were loud groans from the fieldsmen. There were violent yells, too, to *Chuck it in!* and Vincent tried to redeem his failure by running the batsman out. But alas! He was as out of practice at throwing as he was at catching. The ball went off at a tangent over the privet hedge; there was a nasty sound of breaking glass; and in the twinkling of an eye the game of cricket had finished. The boys had picked up their coats and disappeared into thin air.

THE Vincent Hector Greatorex who came out of the park was a very different man from the one who had entered it. Even to his dying day he was never to know what had possessed him to act as he had. He had no patience with people who behave stupidly in a crisis, fail to do the immediate straightforward thing, and land themselves in all the complications which provide a living for film-writers. After that unfortunate and ineffective throw, there wasn't the slightest reason why he shouldn't have gone straight through the gate in the privet hedge, announced that he had had a slight accident with a cricket ball, and offered to pay for the damage. He might even have got the ball back.

But was that what he had done? No, it was not. It was reasonable enough for the boys to melt away. They thought they were bound to be blamed for the mishap even though they were guiltless. But was there any reason for him to behave in that same foolish way? An adult, a grown educated man, practically a member of the Cabinet! Of course there wasn't. But that nevertheless was exactly what he had done. He had skipped behind the bushes like any juvenile delinquent, and hurried on, hot, sticky and perspiring, with an occasional furtive glance behind him. Now as he crossed the road outside the park, his worries grew thicker and thicker. Too late to put things right, he thought. I'm sunk if anyone saw me. And he blushed furiously as he pictured how the story would read in the headlines.

His wife, Patricia, thought she knew exactly what had happened the moment she saw his flushed and unhappy face. She kissed him lovingly and then went on.

"Never mind, darling, you'll get it the next time. I'm quite sure of that."

Vincent gazed at her blankly and sat down in the nearest chair.

"Get what, dear?" he asked.

"Why, the under-secretaryship. They've given it to somebody else, haven't they?"

Vincent looked more miserable than ever.

"No, I've got it," he mumbled. "At least I had half an hour ago."

Patricia sat down on the arm of his chair and touched his fevered brow.

"I think the excitement's been too much for you," she said gently. "Or perhaps it's a touch of the sun."

"If only I hadn't come home through the park!" Vincent moaned.

Patricia now looked genuinely alarmed.

"Darling, you didn't go and speak to a woman there!"

"No, no, of course I didn't. I damned nearly did as a matter of fact. I was so pleased and happy."

"Well, that's all right then. That's the only way people get into trouble in parks."

"Oh no, it isn't." Vincent shook his head bitterly. "There were some boys playing cricket there."

"All right," Patricia went on with wifely patience. "There were some boys playing cricket. Now let's go on gently from there."

Vincent went on gently from there. He didn't say anything about the fat boy and the catapult because he didn't know he had been up the tree. Otherwise he told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Patricia listened quite solemnly until he got to the tinkle of broken glass. But that was too much for her and she began to giggle.

"Darling, how perfectly awful! You're so proud of your throwing, too. I do wish I had been there."

"I wish you had been there, too. If you had I wouldn't have behaved as I did. I ran away just like one of the little boys."

"But, dearest, we're all little boys and girls at heart. And nobody saw you! You wouldn't have dared run away if there had been anyone there to see you."

"I think that makes it worse. It shows that I've got the instincts of any common criminal."

Patricia laughed, kissed him, and stood up.

"What we both need, my darling," she said "is a drink. I'll go and mix one."

She went out of the room and returned shortly afterwards with two full cocktail glasses in her hand. Vincent was looking better now. He got up as she handed him his glass, and the two of them walked over to the window with his arm round her waist. There she turned and held up her glass.

"To the new under-secretary of state!" she said.

Vincent took a sip at his drink and then suddenly stopped short, staring down at the railings in front of the house. Patricia followed the direction of his eyes and saw a fat boy there, pressed against the railings, obviously snooping. He was an unattractive boy, all tummy and teeth: his shorts were much too short, and he had large flabby red knees.

"That isn't by any chance one of the boys who were playing cricket?" Patricia asked.

"No, it isn't," Vincent answered grimly. "None of them was as fat as that. But I did see that boy come out of the park behind me as I crossed the road."

Patricia was looking very serious again.

"H'm!" she murmured. "Perhaps it isn't so funny after all."

PATRICIA was a sweet, tactful, intelligent, and, if necessary, unscrupulous woman. She did the wakeful thinking during the night while Vincent breathed heavily under the influence of two potent sleeping pills. The whole problem revolved round the point as to why that fat toothy boy had come to their house. Patricia decided that he must have seen Vincent in the park and intended to cash in on what he had seen: his behaviour was just like that of a detective in the comic strips of which he was almost certainly an avid reader.

That decided, the next point was how to prevent him making trouble. Patricia knew that, whatever the moralists might say, there were only two successful ways of dealing with certain boys: either to bribe them or to put the fear of God into them. And she didn't much like the idea of trying bribery on the fat one. His tummy was too large and his eyes too small. He was probably quite a successful blackmailer already in a small way.

Having made up her mind how she was going to set about things, Patricia slept quite peacefully. After breakfast she packed the pallid Vincent off to his office with strict injunctions that he was to deny everything, including that he was the new under-secretary, and then settled down by the window to see if the fat boy came lurking round the railings again. There was no sign of him by eleven o'clock and she then put on a coloured Jacqmar handkerchief over her hair, went out, and crossed the road into the park. She had no difficulty in finding the copper beeches or the privet hedge; and as there was no one about at that hour she finally decided to go inside and see if the evidence was still there. She didn't (*Continued on page* 70)

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actually intend to remove it at that moment: that came a few seconds later.

The place was completely deserted with a manure heap, two potting sheds and half a dozen glass frames. She noticed that one of the glass frames looked rather the worse for wear and was cautiously moving towards it when there was a sudden unwelcome voice behind her.

"Can I do anything to help you, mum?"

Patricia turned round as calmly as she could.

"Yes," she said. (Oh lord, she thought, now I've got to lie my way out of this somehow.) Then she went on. "My little boy came home in a great state last night. He said he had an accident with his cricket ball here and didn't like to go after it because there was a sound of breaking glass."

"I see!" The gardener's face was not unkindly. "Don't blame him really! But he'd still like his ball back, I dare say."

"I thought if there was any damage. . . ."

"That's all right, mum, that's all right. Let's see what we can find. . . . Yes, that frame don't look quite as good as it used. And here, sure enough, is the ball. Looks as though you might give him a new one some time, mum."

Patricia looked at the gardener anxiously as she accepted the ball and put it in her bag.

"And the damage? I'm only too ready to pay."

The gardener now gave her a fine weather-beaten smile.

"Don't you worry about that, mum. Boys will be boys."

PATRICIA felt almost as light-hearted when she came out from the privet hedge as Vincent had when he entered the park the evening before. But her lightheartedness didn't last nearly as long. She had only gone half a dozen paces across the scene of the cricket match when she heard another unwelcome voice quite near to her.

"I 'eard wot you said, mum!"

Patricia looked down and saw a boy of about eight walking beside her. He had a sad, alert and determined face. Not knowing quite what to do she tried the swan technique and sailed disdainfully on as if no one was there.

But the little boy knew how to deal with swans. He pattered along beside her and then produced another—quite deadly—sentence.

"If it was your little boy, mum, 'e was an awful big one."

Patricia now reluctantly admitted to herself that she was in it up to the neck. But she still didn't know what to do, and the boy in an aggrieved tone delivered yet another pregnant sentence.

"And even if it was your little boy, mum, it was my own cricket ball."

"If I promise to give you the ball" she suggested "will you sit down here on the seat with me and tell me what happened yesterday?"

"That's all right, mum," he said. "As long as I gets the ball."

THE boy was still pretty wary and kept his distance as he sat down gingerly on the seat beside Patricia.

"What's your name?" she began.

"'Arry," he said.

"And you were playing cricket here yesterday evening?"

"That's right, mum. Six of us altogether. Wiv Bert's bat and my ball."

"Tell me what happened?"

"Well, we'd been playing 'arf an hour or so when a gent came and stood under that bunch of trees, watching us."

"Yes?"

"Then Bert, 'e was batting, 'e skies one." For the first time some real *joie de vivre* shone out on the sad little face. "It was a sitting catch really, but coo, the gent didn't 'arf muff it."

"And did he try to throw it back then?"

"Yes, that's when it went over the 'edge and broke the glass."

"And what did you do then?"

"Skedaddled, mum. We're not supposed to play cricket 'ere."

Patricia paused for a moment. There were still some pieces of the jigsaw missing.

"Was one of the other boys a rather fat one with red knees and lots of teeth?"

"I suppose you mean Toothytum?"

"Well, supposing I do?"

"Toothytum wasn't playing, mum. We wouldn't 'ave 'im. 'E doesn't bowl, 'e frows. And 'e argues when 'e's out, too."

"I quite see why you don't want to play with him. But if he wasn't playing, where was he?"

"Why, up the tree where the gent was. Toothytum always goes up a tree when 'e wants to sulk."

Patricia paused once again. Was the puzzle complete now? No, just one little piece still missing.

"Have you seen Toothytum since?" she asked.

"Oh yes! Came and rapped on my winder last night. Said we'd got that gent in the palm of our 'and. Said 'e knew 'ow to deal with gents. Get us a new ball—and wickets—if we made 'im captain."

"And what did you say?"

"Told 'im to go to 'ell, mum."

The puzzle was now complete and showed an intricate, interesting pattern. Patricia wanted to kiss the boy there and then. She restrained herself, however.

"Will you be quite happy if I give you the ball back?"

"Yes, mum, that's all I wants."

"But what about the wickets?"

"Oh, we can do wivout wickets as long as we don't 'ave Toothytum. 'E spoils everything so."

Patricia now had the old frayed cricket ball in her hand.

"Wickets are useful for cricket all the same," she said. "And I've just remembered that my husband—I mean my uncle, of course—has a bag of cricket things upstairs which he hasn't used for fifteen years. It's not only got wickets in it, but bats, pads, gloves, everything you want."

The boy's eyes had opened very wide indeed; but he didn't say anything, and Patricia now wrote something on a piece of paper, which she handed him together with the frayed ball.

"If you come to this address this evening I'll give you that bag," she said. "Better come about five, if you can, before my—my uncle gets home from work."

THE cricket bag did exist; but after wiping all the dust from it Patricia found that the one thing it didn't contain was bails and wickets, and she hurried out immediately and bought some. From three o'clock onwards the whole lavish outfit was displayed in the middle of the drawing-room carpet, and it was only four when she saw Harry come past the railings towards the door.

She let him in herself, saw how sharply he appraised all the nice things in the house, and then watched in silence as he gazed and gazed at the splendid display of cricket gear.

But there was still just one thing more that she wanted to say, so now she asked.

"You don't think Toothytum will try and cause more trouble, do you?"

"We'll skin 'im alive, mum, if 'e tries any funny business."

Patricia decided that that was enough.

She helped him pack it and then watched him stagger to the open door. There a new idea occurred to him.

"'Ope your 'usband doesn't cut up rough about this when 'e gets 'ome."

"I don't think he will," Patricia answered solemnly. "You see, he hasn't used the things for years and years."

"No, I suppose 'e is a bit old," Harry agreed. "Must be awful to be too old to play cricket."

Patricia waited till he had struggled down the stairs and then went to the window to watch him go past the house along the pavement. She saw the happy gleam in his eye as he looked up at the window; and then, wiping a tear from her own eye, she went to ring up her husband.

END

Tropicals On Your Window-sill

(*Continued from page 36*)

fresh-looking date and soak it for twenty-four hours. Proceed with it in the same way as with the pips of the citrus fruit.

When in 1893 Baron St. Paul found a small plant in the mountains of East Africa, he did not realize that he had discovered what was to prove one of the most popular house plants known so far. The St. Paulia or African violet can be raised from seed or cutting and, if treated rightly, will flower in about nine months. Once it begins flowering it will go on for many months. The flowers, large scentless violets in purple or blue and sometimes pink, emerge from a small jungle of dark, hairy leaves. The St. Paulia neither needs nor likes strong sunlight. Draught must be avoided as it might kill it straight away. Too much water is another danger as root or leaf rot easily sets in. It has to be watered either from a watering can with a long thin spout to get underneath the leaves or from the saucer. Cold water must never be used and the room temperature ought not to be below 60 deg. F. As this is the temperature of my flat the St. Paulia is quite happy. It is easily propagated by placing a leaf with stalk in a pot with well-watered sand covered with an inverted jar and put into a warm, dark place, the airing cupboard in my case.

The jar is taken off and dried inside every day. After about two weeks when the leaf is rooted the pot is brought out, still protected from strong light. When new leaves are showing the plant is transplanted into another pot with rich soil, free of lime.

The *tolmiea* or mother plant or piggy-back plant, likes the same soil as the St. Paulia. It has thin, maple-like leaves with two or three babies sprouting from the heart of the larger ones, all carried on long, spindly stalks. It is propagated by single leaves in the same way as the St. Paulia but is much hardier than the latter.

The scented geraniums, coming from the hottest part of Cape Province, give pleasure not only to the eye and the nose but also to the palate. Leaves may be chopped up for salads, and two or three go into the apple jelly every autumn. During the summer this geranium is happiest out of doors, plunged into the soil in its pot. New plants can be obtained by putting a shoot into a pot with soil. They root without trouble.

A native of tropical and southern Africa, the *Sparrmania* was discovered by Dr. Sparrman who accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage. The pale, lime-like leaves and clusters of white flowers make it an attractive indoor plant but as it is very fast-growing it can only be used in good-sized rooms. In March and April cuttings can be taken which will root easily.

It might not be worth your while to make up your own soil mixture, but for those who wish to do so, the following proportions might be suitable: Two parts of garden soil, one part of either leaf mould or humus, one part of sand and one part of peat moss. Mix it all together and pass it through a garden sieve. If you buy soil, ask your nurseryman to make up an appropriate mixture or get John Innes Compost No. 2.

During their growing and flowering period plants need additional food. There are quite a number of these on the market but I prefer them home-made. My plants get the water in which the meat has been washed or egg shell water. To make this I keep the shells of uncooked eggs in a jug of water for a fortnight or longer. The smell is rather unpleasant but the plants love it. The water only is used and the shells discarded. But whatever stimulant you give to your plants—always give them only to well-watered ones as otherwise the roots might be burned.

END

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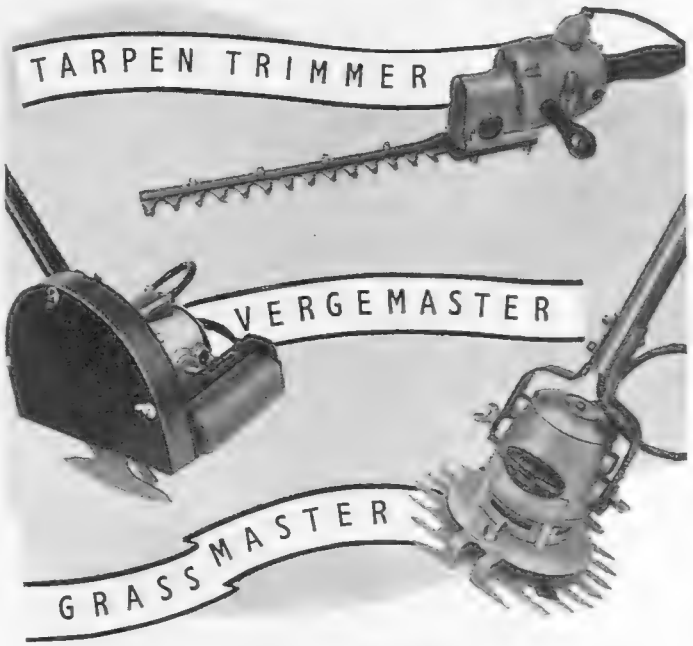

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Enchanting Stranger

(*Continued from page 39*)

organized. All the same, things had turned out well if rather hard on the nurse, for the great lady turned out a shocking patient.

That first morning, of course, she wasn't quite herself.

"Of course I'm irritable!" she croaked, her fine, bright eyes roaming round her beloved mahogany. "Fussy routine is all very well in hospital. This isn't a ward and I'm not going into one. All you surgeons ever think of is the knife!"

That was preposterous from a patient who had refused to see a physician. But the Doctor let it pass.

"You can pipe down about hospital," he told her. "We are not offering you any of our valuable space. An injection or two and a few pills are the magic for your trouble nowadays."

The old lady gave him a long look.

"So I've been told. It smacked of soothing syrup! Anyway, I've no pain now. . . ."

Then he saw. She was fighting terror, poor old dear. He took her thin hand to play with the brittle old fingers as he reassured her, and teased her with the story of the eminent surgeon whose tooth stopped aching on the dentist's doorstep. He left her chuckling, promising to be good.

Downstairs he stopped for a word with Sister, who might need a little backing.

"I'm afraid you have a difficult patient," he said.

But Sister's chestnut eyes were unperturbed, melting into a smile.

"Not at all!" she said. "Quite manageable! You mustn't worry about me."

Well, he hadn't worried about such a capable girl and she had managed somehow. Aunt Jane never looked scared again, only bad-tempered, and Sister's fine qualities enabled her to cope with that. The more he saw of the girl the more he admired her ability. But that is where he stopped, as he had done with other splendid nurses. He had, he'd always supposed, a blind spot about them. All that starch, hiding feminine allure.

But that turned out a very dangerous idea. . . .

FOR a fortnight he had paid daily visits, first thing every morning. That, Sister had assured him, would be an enormous help to a patient who was so fond of him.

But that couldn't go on for ever, for he was busy enough. The patient took a definite turn for the better, and though recovery might be a slow business at her age, there was little more he could do for her. He looked in twice a week and found her grumpy or worse in convalescence.

He ought to have let well alone. But, freed from his daily duty, he got fidgety. Bad temper, however unprovoked, can be a great deterrent to recovery. And one evening, being tired himself and unable to settle to anything after his meal, he got restless . . . and perhaps lonely. Tom would jump at a trip in the new car and it could be a nephew's call on his old aunt who was, after all, very dear to him.

It all worked out so happily, too. Gladys let him in and that was all right. He liked Gladys, a cheerful, sensible girl. She handed him on, and no doubt made good use of her time with Tom in the kitchen, though that was a side issue for the future. He went upstairs behind a little slip of a nurse he had seen somewhere about the hospital. That was all right, too. She had a bright face.

Aunt Jane beamed him a welcome from her pillow.

"Oho!" he said. "Where are the tantrums?"

The old fraud smiled innocently.

"None for a whole hour! Tell the Doctor your version, Nurse!"

The girl lifted blue eyes as innocent as the old lady's own.

"I found the patient very cross," she said. "She wouldn't take her pill. So I shook my fist at her!"

Then it was laughter all round, a young girl's rippling voice and an old lady's chuckle, all a tonic to a tired man. The Doctor sat on the bed to enjoy a pleasant ten minutes while Nurse went off to find him a cup of hot coffee. She found a cigarette, too, the very thing he lacked.

"A bright little girl," said Aunt Jane when the girl left them again. "And not so much to be bright about, either! An orphan from humble folk!" She rolled her eyes expressively at that and rambled on. "I know *all* about that. One never forgets one's own youth. . . . No parent, no money, no background. Terribly frightening and lonely among girls who know everything! Of course, I was lucky. Your uncle always helped me over the social difficulties until I knew what was what. Did I ever tell you about my first dinner party?"

She was off. Ten minutes stretched to half an hour of Aunt Jane's reminiscences, which were, indeed, very touching. A humble girl needs courage and gaiety. . . .

"You've been a wonder," said a loving nephew, and kissed the tired old cheek on parting.

HE went downstairs in thoughtful mood, very glad he had come, still more so that he had felt emotion, for a man can become a little inhuman under the constant cloak of professional manner.

He paused under the hall lamp to face the little nurse who had escorted him down. A bright little girl. An orphan.

"I suppose her ladyship is a handful?" he observed smilingly.

Wide eyes rolled expressively with a nod of honest agreement.

"An absolute terror!" she said. "But a wonderful *person*. I do hope I shall be able to manage her."

"You will," he assured her gravely.

And then, under that lamp, it happened. Something slipped. A starched cap had become a halo, curls were tinged with gold, violet eyes shone like stars, a curving mouth . . . and she was flushing adorably. . . .

Time stood for long seconds while he heard his own heart-beat. Then it was over as a door opened. Sister Carr was coming. And Nurse was going. . . .

He pulled himself together.

"I'm afraid you work very long hours, Sister," he said tritely.

"Not at all! I am quite at a loose end just now," said Sister with a touch of reproach in her melting smile.

But that didn't suit him at all. He saw to it that Sister escorted him safely off the premises without further delay.

In the car he felt a little shaken but unrepentant, planning to take a chance next evening. . . .

"Very efficient party, that Sister, sir!" said Tom. "They don't half think a lot about her in the kitchen!"

"In polite circles," said the Doctor irritably, "we do not refer to a lady as a party. It is a vulgar term!"

"O.K., sir," said Tom chirpily.

Sister was certainly efficient. Early next morning there was a call from her. Her patient had had a poor night.

It was a bad relapse with Aunt Jane.

"Fuss and fiddlesticks!" she said. "Nothing wrong with me this morning but temper! As for the night, an old woman doesn't need a lot of sleep. I had something pleasant to turn over in my mind, a rare enough occurrence lately!"

So that was that, and downstairs the Doctor gave Sister a rueful smile to smooth his own way.

"I will look in again this evening, perhaps."

That didn't work.

"That's not necessary at all," said Sister in her competent way. "She will be all right now, though there was a bit of trouble, I'm afraid. The girl on duty last night was most disturbing and turned out very pert and irresponsible. I can't think why Matron sent such a little chit, (*Continued on page 74*)

Getting The Hang Of It

(*Continued from page* 35)

exactly how every home dressmaker must feel when first confronted with a length of expensive material. I'd measured the length of the wall and added a few inches for trimming and was allowed one demonstration of pasting and folding before taking over again. As you might expect, the aim is to get plenty of paste on the wrong side of the paper and as little as possible on the right. The thing to do, I found, is to paste down the centre of the piece first and then work outwards to the edges in a herringbone pattern. Lifting the edges of the paper from the table with the left hand while pasting them keeps the paste off the table and prevents the surface of the paper becoming *too* soiled. It was a comfort to find, however, that it was not such a serious crime to get paste on the surface, for it dried out later.

In my first attempt at pasting I tended—apparently the typical amateur !—to go too easy with the paste, wiping it from the brush into the bucket as though it were paint. But a fully loaded brush is essential and the edges of the paper must be particularly well-covered with paste if they are to stick properly.

Folding the paper into what are called "sliding folds," which fall naturally into place when the top of the paper is fixed to the wall looks a kind of juggling feat. In fact it is easier to do than to describe. From the end of the table you draw the paper towards you, fold it back on itself for a few feet, pasted sides inwards, and then bring the end back towards you again, concertina fashion. But don't make my mistake of starting from the wrong end; begin with the end that is to go at the top of the wall. You should finish up with a series of folds which can be neatly held in the hands. The last foot or so of paper—which will be at the bottom of the wall—is folded back on itself.

Eager to start on the actual hanging I was all for rushing with my folded paper to the nearest wall and having a bash : my first really bad mistake. "You'll have hundreds of bubble marks if you do," came a stern warning. "Paper must soak until it feels almost soggy or at any rate has lost its stiff feel. Some thick papers may take as long as ten minutes to soak properly. But you can be cutting and pasting the second length while you're waiting. . . . And, in any case, just *where* do you think you're going to start . . . ?"

"Well," I began diffidently, "I thought perhaps that corner. . . ." This was heresy of the first degree. For paper should be hung away from the light so that the joins show less. This usually means starting on the right hand side of the main window, continuing round to the door and then starting again on the left of the window.

Even then there was something else I'd forgotten. These first strips provide a key to which all other pieces are hung so they must be completely straight. So I found myself up the steps with a plumb-line—in my case a professional-sounding name for a pair of scissors hung on a string—while the decorator acted as an apprentice.

I HAD expected to end up like a badly wrapped parcel when I came to hanging the paper. But it just doesn't happen. Once the top of the paper is attached even roughly to the wall and you drop the sliding folds, the whole piece falls more or less neatly into position. I went to the top of the class by discovering for myself that if, as you drop the folds, you hold one hand slightly higher than the other the paper swings slightly to one side as it drops and does not flap against the surface of the strip before.

Once the paper is in position it is smoothed to right and left from the middle outwards with the paper-hanger's brush. Top and bottom are finished off by running the point of the shears along the angles of ceiling and skirting, pulling the paper from the wall for a foot or so, and cutting along the mark.

Once the first piece is hung true the rest is easy for each piece is hung to the straight edge of the one before and adjusted along this edge from the top before the major smoothing is done. And a useful trick is to run the thumb very firmly down the joins and along top and bottom to ensure that all edges stick well. Special rollers are sold for this purpose but I found a thumb serves very well.

While I was smoothing my first length of paper I learnt the most valuable lesson of all—and certainly the most comforting. I was brushing the paper delicately, wary of blotting my copy book by tearing it.

"Well, don't be afraid of it; it won't bite you. That's the amateur's usual fault, being frightened of the paper. Treat it rough and you'll get on better." The astonishing thing was just how tough I got with that paper without its turning nasty. Quite hard pressure was needed to smooth it effectively, but apart from this I found I could bully and cajole it mercilessly without ill-effects. It could be stretched slightly with the palm of the hand when I'd cut off a fraction too much at the top. Half the piece could be pulled off the wall, adjusted and put back again.

Matching the pattern at the top was not the problem I'd expected once I remembered to allow sufficient extra length on each piece—a variable amount, of course, according to the size of the repeat. Negotiating obstructions such as light switches presented no real problem either. My very amateur way was to hand the paper as usual and, before finally smoothing the lower half, to make a rough hole about where the middle of the switch came. With this hole to work from I cut round the obstruction to fit. My "boss" let this technique pass. But he couldn't resist the comment that a more professional way was to cut a horizontal line from the edge nearest to the switch through its centre and then a vertical line similarly running through the centre of the obstruction. After smoothing the entire piece these "flaps" could be pulled away and cut round the switch.

Actually the only part of the business that wasn't enjoyable was the preliminary preparation. If the wall is (*Continued on page* 75)

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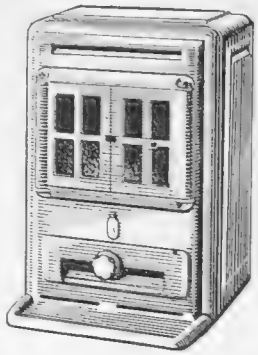

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but she won't come again, I assure you."

That was a very awkward moment.

"Your affair entirely, Sister," said the Doctor.

It was quite a blow. All that day, as he thought of that little nurse, he got hot under the collar. Disturbing, yes! But pert and irresponsible, no! He didn't believe a word of that. Quick-witted, perhaps, and light-hearted. . . .

Once he thought of tackling Matron on the subject, but that might have got the girl into worse trouble. Better to let a little lapse slide and keep his blind spot in place in future. Perhaps Sister had saved him from an awful risk. . . .

A few days later Aunt Jane prescribed for herself, got up, and telephoned him that she was off his list. He paid her a nephew's call and found her clothed in her black velvet and pearls and in her right mind.

"All gone!" she said gleefully. "I sent them packing yesterday!"

"That's all your thanks for the best of nursing, you ungrateful woman!" said her nephew.

"Oh, I'm far from ungrateful! I couldn't speak too highly of Evelyn Carr. No one to touch her! And have you ever realized what an ideal wife she would be for an ambitious man?"

The Doctor met that with his imperturbable smile.

"I saw that a long time ago," he said.

At which the old lady dissolved into chuckles.

"*Now name your own date, my dear,*" she said firmly. . . .

All as plain as a nose on a face. She had behaved like a fiend and given her favourite nurse a chance to show off her paces to her favourite nephew. That hadn't worked. A little invitation would lift the affair out of the professional into the social sphere! Tonight he was to meet a beautiful woman, not in starch, but in evening dress, all got up. . . .

THE Doctor, nursing his snappy opera hat, sighed rather wearily. Bachelordom is a dangerous state, not to say lonely. Some day, he supposed, he must end it.

Then his chin went out again quite mulishly, and, gazing at the back of Tom's neat head, he ran over his little plan again. It would save him from immediate danger, but alas! it wouldn't keep Tom with him. That was a real heartache and a problem for another day.

But the Heath was ahead, and the gate.

The Doctor alighted at the steps, banged the door, and gave instructions to Tom at the wheel.

"I need a little co-operation, Tom," he said with dignity. "It is now eight o'clock. You will return home. At nine sharp you will telephone me an urgent call and come straight out here again to fetch me. Is that clear?"

"Nine sharp!" repeated Tom crisply. "Very good, sir! No use wasting time unless the company turns out right, sir!"

And Tom closed an optimistic eye with deliberation.

The Doctor, mounting the steps, smiled wryly. Tom, worth his weight in gold as he was, sometimes needed a sharp lesson. He must have one at the very next opportunity.

Enchanting Stranger

AT nine-fifteen a very pessimistic Tom drew up once more at the steps, gave a short blast on the horn, and waited, musing.

"Didn't work," he thought glumly, "or he'd have been handy enough at choking me off on that call. What did I tell Gladys? Oh yes, she's a winner, I said, but bet you sixpence it won't come off. He's a bit dumb, is the boss, when it comes to the opposite sex, and no mistake."

And no mistake, the door had opened, and the boss, putting on his natty tall hat at an angle, was coming out. *With* the lady.

Tom whistled softly, jumped out, and opened the rear door with a very smart salute as a rippling young voice bade him good evening.

"Good evening, miss!" said Tom with a grin of satisfaction, for Nurse looked even lovelier in her simple blue frock and dark wrap, with her golden curls and blue eyes and a smile like a merry angel.

The Doctor, however, was wearing the imperturbable but clear-sighted smile of a man who is master of his own fate.

"I will drive myself, Tom," he said crisply. "No doubt you will know how to spend an hour before catching the bus at the corner. You can expect me home . . . er . . . before midnight."

With that he opened the door, helped his lady in, tucked in her skirts, and closed the door on a very valuable parcel. Then he walked deliberately round the bonnet, looked up at feathery clouds over a full moon, removed his hat with an elegant gesture, and got in beside her. The outer door closed with a snap.

Tom, with an unresentful grin, watched his fine new car slide away through the gate and head across the Heath.

"A run into fairyland!" he mused. "Well now! Take a pair of sparkling eyes! She'll do a treat! A very nice establishment. . . . This little do will cost me sixpence to Gladys and the bus fare. And well worth it!"

And, whistling at full strength, Tom set off round the corner to the side door.

END

Shakespeare In Nylon *(Continued from page 45)*

of this transparent, colourless material, and transforms it into rubies or emeralds at will. The gems are then given rich, encrusted settings of gilded leather, rubber or felt. Acetate also makes fine surrealist feathers—such as those which decorated the goblets in *Love's Labour's Lost.* Another very new material, Vilene, a thin, uncrushable, synthetic rubber, has been found indispensable by the Old Vic for the interlining of jackets, enabling them to keep their shape performance after performance without need for ironing. A different kind of interlining is Dormette: this is fleecy and is used under silks and velvets to give "roundness," as in Sir Toby Belch's sleeves.

The most versatile of all is nylon, and it would be hard to imagine costume-making without it now: it crops up everywhere, is the answer to many problems—comes to many rescues, too: it can be used invisibly for mounting, visibly for decoration, by itself, or to add verve to other materials. In *Twelfth Night,* all the men's trunks were mounted on nylon horsehair to give swagger and spring.

A finer weave of the horsehair, looking like stiff pearly gauze, has been found perfect for the ruffs which are legion in these plays; the original Jacobean zigzag pattern is followed, and edgings added of greater or lesser splendour according to the social status of the wearer. This edging is made from nylon straw tubular braid, which is woven on the cross, and moves, snake-like, by itself when handled. It comes in lovely colours, can elongate and be thin, or recede and be fat, and be twisted into any queer shape: it was sewn on to many of the *King John* costumes as the spine of painted designs. Its orthodox purpose is the making of hats: the Old Vic borrowed it from the wholesale milliners, as they borrowed nylon horsehair from the model dress houses, and adapted both to their own uses.

Olivia's dress in *Twelfth Night* is made of painted nylon gauze, under which she wears, first a stiff furnishing silk skirt, then an underskirt of fine nylon horsehair, then nylon horsehair hip-pads, then a boned canvas petticoat, and finally a calico petticoat with a frilled hem—six layers in all—three of them, including the dress itself, nylon.

The exquisite connoisseur Orsino is not outdone by Olivia, in dress at any rate: nylon decorates his costume in the form of metallic straw fringe, and his felt-mounted doublet is scattered with hundreds of shimmering plastic cabuchons, every one sewn on by hand.

END

already papered all the old paper must be removed with a scraper and a prepared remover. Distempered walls must be washed down with sponge and warm water and loose flakes removed. Painted walls must be washed with ammonia diluted with six parts of water. And whatever the surface, the walls must be sized and allowed to dry out before papering.

This year's developments in wallpaper offer exciting possibilities for the amateur. For the first time, formerly expensive hand-blocked papers are being machine-printed and cost as little as 6s. a piece—a tribute to the growing popularity of contemporary papers. There is a new, completely washable paper which, unlike its predecessors with their rather unpleasant shiny surfaces, has an ordinary matt finish.

Many of the new season's designs, unlike those of similar price in the past, cry out to be used as sheer decoration: for a single wall, for eye-catching panels behind a settee or bed, for chimney recesses where the main walls are plain. Now, at last, we can all have the same fun with our wallpapers as the top-line decorators and architects have had with expensive papers for years.

END

More English Than The Rose

(*Continued from page* 42)

poet of Northamptonshire, have failed to sing its praises. Milton, with just one word, fixed the flower as effectively as if he had pressed it in between the pages of his poem: the "rathe primrose" he called it, which, according to the dictionary, is from the Middle English for quick, prompt, eager. And what could be more apt?

As to why, precisely, this lowly blossom should be quick, prompt, eager, Francis Bacon had a theory. Not that his theory was anything new, when he voiced it. "The flowers that come early with us," he wrote, "are prime-roses, violets, anemonies, water-daffadillies, *crocus vernus*, and some early tulippas; and they are all cold plants, which therefore (as it should seem) have a quicker perception of the heat of the sun increasing, than the hot herbs have; as a cold hand will sooner feel a little warmth than a hot." Gerard, one of the first herbalists, had already said much the same thing in his famous Herbal, wherein the primrose is described as "a little or nothing hot."

Those old herbalists had some odd notions, as well as many which modern science has since verified; but so far as I know, they never had a notion to explain why so many of our early wild flowers, the primrose included, should be yellow. We are now told, however, that the reason is because yellow is one of the colours most attractive to bees, which would be an important consideration, both from the bees' and the primroses' points of view, at this time of year.

But primroses are useful to other than bees, apparently. Their crimped and cockled leaves, carried on stringy stalks, are said to be a suitable food for silk-worms. The primrose root, too, has its uses; or perhaps I should say it had its uses, for country folk no longer ransack the woods and hedges for herbs. In the days when they did so, the primrose root was dug up, grated, and used as an emetic.

Of the flowers themselves, a healing ointment was made. But exactly how efficacious was it, I wonder? Anne Pratt, that eminent Victorian whose wild flower books were doted on by all the earnest, botanizing young ladies of the day, says she often used primrose ointment; but I detect a twinkle of scepticism in her added remark that the cure it effected was probably due quite as much to the other ingredients. Then, also, I believe country folk even used to make a pudding out of primrose flowers: they certainly did.

Such quaint usages are not likely to come into fashion again; but there is one usage which I for one would like to see returning to favour. Just outside the village where I lived as a boy, there was a wood much frequented by gipsies. Our parents used to say they were a nuisance; but we didn't think so: to us they were quite the most exciting people we knew. We could never tell what they would be up to next. Besides, they were so quick with their fingers, not only (as the grown-ups complained) at taking whatever they fancied, no matter whose, but also at making things out of next to nothing. Each spring, for instance, I would wait for the day when one or other of them turned up at our door with hanging baskets of primroses for sale. These baskets were made of split hazel wands, nailed together in an ingenious open-work pattern, filled with moss, and fitted with wire handles. Whole roots of primroses were "planted" in them, nestling among the moss and overflowing from the top.

We always bought a couple of the baskets to hang in the porch, one on either side. They seemed to me the loveliest things imaginable—far lovelier, for instance, than the fabulously expensive orchids up at the Manor House. Perhaps they carried an aura, so to speak, of the romantic gipsies who had made them as they sat round the glowing embers in the wood? But no, those hanging baskets of primroses were beautiful in their own simple right. I can still call up the smell of them—of the earthy moss and the sappy hazel and the shy, pale flowers: as if the woods themselves had been brought to our door. And that remembered smell *is* for me the spring.

It is strange that such simple things should persist in the memory when so many seemingly more important matters are forgotten. But then the gipsies' primrose baskets were poetry, and so much of the rest was prose. And what is it but a poem in the making every time we come upon the first primrose of the year, spearing up through the ruck and rubbish of winter, while the great white clouds bowl across the sky and the leaves all around us glisten with raindrops? And what are we ourselves, who gaze at it with such pleasure—the flower of beginnings, quick, prompt, eager—but children still at heart?

END

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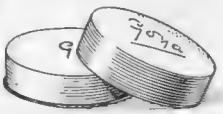

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Harriet And The Hoyden

(*Continued from page 12*)

go round more smoothly, and, if it did, whether the effort was worth while.

"It isn't fair to the decent children, though thank heaven none of them play with her now," Mrs. Sevington continued.

"Lana's very good at school, I'm told," Mrs. Bixham replied defensively.

"When she's *in* school. But what about after school and in the holidays? I watched her sitting on the kerb scooping baked beans out of a tin with her fingers. You see!" exclaimed Mrs. Sevington with almost indecent triumph, as they rounded the bend before Mrs. Bixham's house.

Alison and Janet were, technically, within the law. They lounged on their own side of the box-hedge, while Lana Allen sat, knees akimbo, torn and grubby knickers showing, on the grass verge outside.

A languid exchange of epithets was taking place.

Mrs. Sevington leant out of the car window and said officiously, "Go away, Lana. Nobody wants you. Go right away. Quickly, now."

Lana stood up sulkily, half-minded to throw another clod at Mrs. Sevington, but aware that this would be tactically unwise.

She was a pretty child, a few months older than Alison, with a tawny splendour of hair and skin, but a mouth already maturely sullen. She slouched, with insulting slowness, pulling at the shabby skirt which so obstinately would not cover her thighs.

Something made Harriet Bixham call out impulsively, "Lana, come here!"

The child walked a few paces, halted, and said defiantly over her shoulder, "Wot?"

"Would you like to come to tea?" Mrs. Bixham asked, hardly knowing what made her say it, except dislike of Mrs. Sevington. "Nobody wants you," indeed! What a thing for any child to be told.

Lana ran skipping to the gate, her eyes happy, then stopped and looked sullen again.

"No," she said.

"Why ever not? We've got some ice-cream." Mrs. Bixham tried to keep a certain relief out of her voice.

"Mum said I wasn't to have nothing to do with you, you're a snooper," Lana replied with the appalling frankness of youth unconcerned about making the social wheels go round.

Mrs. Sevington snorted, in a lady-like way of course, and with a "Goodbye, then" which meant "What did I tell you?" drove off.

Mrs. Bixham thought for a moment.

"Very well," she said. "You certainly mustn't disobey your mother. I'll call and see her tonight, and ask if you may come tomorrow."

IT was a hard decision. She had generally left the hard decisions to her husband. But taking it made her feel young again; and the light in Lana's eyes was a dazzling reward.

Mrs. Allen received her defiantly, at a front door half opened. Only Mrs. Bixham's sense that Lana was listening somewhere out of sight, at the top of the stairs, made her face the unpleasantness.

"I've told you already I don't want no more to do with you, and I'll thank you to keep away from me and Lana," Mrs. Allen began shrilly.

"That's right," added Mrs. Allen's brother over her shoulder, a harassed little man perpetually doomed to sing counter-tenor to somebody else's lead.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Bixham said, swallowing her pride. "I only thought that if Lana felt lonely, left all day, she might like to come to tea."

"Lana's all right," Mrs. Allen said in her usual tone of fending off a complaint before it was made. "'Tisn't my fault I have to go out to work, is it? If I had my due, I wouldn't need to."

"Is it anything I could help with?" Mrs. Bixham asked almost wistfully.

The brother started to speak, but Mrs. Allen looked at him with hatred and snapped, "No, it isn't."

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Bixham said slowly, trying to think what else she could say. Mrs. Allen was staring freezingly, waiting for her to go. She made one more effort.

"My granddaughters will be very disappointed if Lana can't come to tea tomorrow. . . ."

"Then they'll be disappointed," Mrs. Allen said bitterly, slamming the door. Mrs. Bixham was almost certain that she heard a little sigh.

In the morning, while they were at breakfast, there was a too-familiar yelling in the lane.

"Eeeeeeeee! Alison! I want you, Alison!"

Alison and Janet, neglecting their cereal, began to wriggle.

"Now eat your breakfasts, and I'll go and see what Lana wants," Mrs. Bixham commanded, trying to walk the tightrope between too stern disciplinarian and grandmotherly spoiling.

Lana was still mewing like a seagull in the lane.

"What do you want, Lana?" Mrs. Bixham asked, with what she could muster of sternness.

The child looked cleaner than usual.

"Mum said I could come to tea she changed her mind," Lana poured out breathlessly.

"How nice. I'm very pleased," Mrs. Bixham said politely.

LANA waited. Mrs. Bixham waited. When the silence, and her pricking conscience, became unbearable, Mrs. Bixham said, as if hypnotized, "Would you like to come and play this morning?"

Lana was in at the gate, shrieking, before Mrs. Bixham had time to consider the wisdom of her action.

Thereafter, for a week, the seagull's screaming was heard in the lane at breakfast-time every morning; and, tripled, echoed later from the orchard and the nearer fields. They came at a call for elevenses, for lunch and tea. The lonely house was full of noise and bustle, and if Alison and Janet learnt to complain that washing one's hands was "a dam' nuisance," Lana also learnt that one does wash one's hands.

They were sitting in the front garden one hot day, drinking orange-juice with ice-cubes from the frig, when Mrs. Allen came down the lane. Lana turned scarlet and tried to hide, but her shrill voice, sharpened by years of shouting against her mother, had already betrayed her.

Mrs. Bixham went to the hedge and said politely, "It's very warm. Won't you join us for a minute?"

"Lana, I'll skelp you," Mrs. Allen screamed, ignoring Mrs. Bixham.

"But. . . ."

"I thought I told you to leave her alone," Mrs. Allen shrieked, turning furiously upon her.

"But didn't you tell her she might come to tea?"

"If you don't know by now she's a ruddy little liar, then you'll never know nothing. And I can believe that, too. Lana, come here this minute, and I'll murder you."

Inch by inch the child crept across the impeccable grass, past the flaming dahlia bed, defiantly, but not seeking help, ready to accept, as she always was, the consequences of taking what she had wanted.

Harriet, spellbound, watched the tawny face change from a child's carefree happiness to sullen maturity.

Mrs. Bixham stepped forward and said, with that authority she had always left to her dead husband, "Just a moment."

"Well?" There was an almost frightened edge to the defiant tone.

"Come and sit, and talk. Go away, children, I want to talk to Mrs. Allen."

Mrs. Allen teetered, then dropped her eyes

before Mrs. Bixham's steady gaze, and came, her whole body grumbling.

Harriet sat her in a deck-chair, with the motherly firmness she had been wont to employ as the rector's lady, the village's only welfare worker.

"Now," she said, praying that she might find the right words. "I'm going to be very frank with you. If you let Lana go on as she's been going on, you know, nice people will have nothing to do with her."

Mrs. Allen slumped forward in the chair, her hand to her eyes. Mrs. Bixham suddenly realized, with a sense of shock, that this hard and unpleasant woman was crying. She went across and put her arm round the thin shoulders.

"There, my dear," she said gently, as she talked to Alison, or Lana, with a grazed knee. "Don't take it to heart. If there's any difficulty, won't you tell me? One can so often help, you know."

"Oh, but I try so hard," Mrs. Allen wailed, leaning against that soft arm.

"I'm sure you do. Lana's a daughter to be proud of."

"Is she? Is she really?"

And then it came with a rush : the husband who had died in the army from causes not attributable to his service; the wrangles over a pension; the struggle to get Lana into day nurseries while she went out to work; the endless moves from lodging to expensive lodging until she and her brother had, by lies, obtained a council house. . . .

"But my dear," Mrs. Bixham said, startled at the complications of the story. "Did no one ever tell you that something might have been *done* about this, that there are people properly appointed to help you?"

Mrs. Allen shot out of Mrs. Bixham's enfolding grasp.

"Snoopers!" she said vehemently. "Always asking questions! God knows it's difficult enough to keep your neighbours out of your business, without *them* nosey-parkering."

"Oh, but my dear, they're not like that *at all*," said Mrs. Bixham; though, since she was human, not without a passing tremor of triumph. "Now just let me get my note-book, and write it all down, and we'll see what can be done. And if anybody wants to ask any questions, they must come and see ME."

* * *

"I will not cease from mental fight," carolled Harriet Bixham, with an intense feeling of personal pride.

"Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jeru-salem
In England's green and plea-sant land."

She cast a surreptitious look at Mrs. Sevington, who always managed to make the words sound as if they did not mean anything in particular.

Alison and Janet were going home tomorrow, and their accents were deplorable, and she didn't care. And Lana was to have breakfast and tea with her daily, and had used a handkerchief three days running, and called unpleasant people "stupid things" instead of "daft clots." And Mrs. Allen was coming on the Institute outing. And a *perfectly senseless* letter had arrived that morning from the Ministry of Pensions.

Mrs. Bixham bustled away from the meeting before Mrs. Sevington could seize her. Partly because she really did not like Mrs. Sevington; but mostly because she wanted to get home quickly, and propel a few arrows of desire in the direction of the Ministry of Pensions.

END

A Lovely, Lonely Life!

(*Continued from page* 13)

obliged to live alone get off from the start on the wrong foot. An empty flat, an evening without company, the mere *prospect* of aloneness panics them before they even try it. Start anything new while you mutter the refrain: "I'm not going to like it," and be very sure you won't. Try it the other way. Tell yourself that this is a new experience; an interesting one. Perhaps there are a lot of compensations in this and, if so, you're darned well going to find them. So you do.

It isn't all honey living alone, but what life ever is? Women alone carry all the responsibilities that they have been brought up to believe they should park on the broad shoulders of some man. Well, parking your responsibilities has its problems too, sometimes.

So you pay your own rent, meet your own gas bills, dive into your pocket for everything you need. There isn't anybody to do the diving for you, so get a dividend out of the situation. Open your eyes to the blessings of freedom to spend as you like, do as you like, *live* as you like.

Of course it needs courage for a woman to adjust to being alone. A blend of common sense *and* courage teaches you to face up to any emergency from a bout of 'flu to the things that go bump in the night when you could, if you gave way, collapse into a quivering jelly of apprehension.

If you are not going to live in a depressing pigsty, you will need that common sense (again blended with self respect) which makes Englishmen dress for dinner in the jungle. You simply must not allow yourself to say just because you are alone; "this is good enough for me," while you eat a boiled egg off the draining board. It's not good enough. You are an important person.

Don't, on the other hand, let this keeping up with yourself in the house get overgrown, because it can, and it can consume too much of your time and thought. Remember, enough's enough.

To be placidly alone one needs a healthy respect for your digestion. Life is apt to be short and ulcerous if your ideas of *haute cuisine* are bounded on the one side by strong tea and buns and on the other by beans on toast.

It calls for repose of spirit to read or embroider with happy absorption instead of sitting huddled in a chair longing for the telephone to ring or for "something nice" to happen. That repose doesn't come easily, I grant you, to some people. You woo it and wait for it, but it *does* come.

While you are waiting, contemplate some of the practical advantages of having your home to yourself. You visit or entertain whom you like, when and how you wish. No keeping poor Tom in cold storage, as it were, against the evening when your flat sharer, who detests Tom, is out. No sneaking off to a movie while the dear girl entertains *her* friends in exclusivity.

Living alone you can mutter your way through Italian verbs at seven a.m. or devote an evening to Bach or Bartok; you can play the jews harp if you like and even indulge in a good cry without having to give an account of yourself. Oh, the blessings of not giving an account of yourself!

Selfish? Who to? You are living alone.

Last instructions to the solitary: Practice not taking the situation too seriously. Practice your sense of humour. You'll need it for those days when everything goes wrong, from a ladder in your stocking in the morning to a blown fuse at night. For those days when being alone seems so darned *foolish* that you're fit to marry the dustman for the sake of someone to share it with.

I've had those moments, too, plenty of them, but, on balance, it's the life alone for me and I still reject the dustman.

END

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Knit This Jacket And Slacks (*Continued from page 57*)

at the beg. of next and alternate rows 4 sts. 1 (2, 3) times, and 3 sts. 4 (3, 2) times. Work 1 row.

Break wool and leave sts. on stitch-holder.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 4 needles cast on 39 (41, 43) sts. and work as for left front, reversing shapings and garter st. border.

THE COLLAR

Join both shoulder seams with narrow backstitch.

Sl. the 16 sts. from stitch-holder at the top of the right front on to a No. 4 needle.

Now k. up 19 sts. across back of neck, and then work across the sts. on stitch-holder at the top of the left front.

Continue in patt. with 5 sts. at each edge in garter st. until collar measures 7 ins., ending with a row on the wrong side of work.

Now work 9 rows in garter st. over all the sts.

Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 4 needles cast on 41 (43, 45) sts.

Work 10 rows in garter st.

Continue in patt. as for back, commencing with the 2nd patt. row.

Work until sleeve measures 3 ins. from cast-on edge.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 8th row until there are 51 (53, 57) sts.

Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 8 (8½, 9) ins. from cast-on edge, ending with the 2nd patt. row.

Shape Top.—Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every alternate row until there are 15 (15, 17) sts. left, and then 1 st. at each end of every row until there are 7 (7, 9) sts. left.

Cast off.

THE POCKETS (make 2)

With No. 4 needles cast on 23 sts.

Work 4½ ins. in patt., ending with the 3rd row.

Work 9 rows in garter st.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Backstitch side seams.

Overstitch sleeve seams for 3 ins. from cast-on edge and backstitch remainder.

Set in sleeves.

Turn cuffs back 2 ins. and tack in position.

Sew pockets to fronts 1½ ins. from bottom edge and 3 ins. from centre-front edges.

Fringe.—Wind navy wool around a piece of cardboard 1¾ ins. wide and cut through one edge.

Using 3 strands work fringe evenly round collar. Press.

END

THE SLACKS (*Continued*)

THE LEFT BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 60 (64, 68) sts.

Work in st.st.

Work 1½ ins., ending with a k. row.

K. the next row on the wrong side to mark hemline.

Continue in st.st.

Work 3 ins., ending with a p. row.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 18th row until there are 70 (74, 78) sts.

Now continuing to inc. 1 st. at the end of every 18th row, continue to inc. for inside leg seam as follows: 1 st. at the beg. of every 6th row 11 times, and 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row 15 times.

There are now 103 (107, 111) sts. on the needle.

Now keeping outside edge straight, continue to inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every 4th row until there are 110 (114, 118) sts., and then 1 st. at beg. of every alternate row until there are 120 (126, 132) sts.

Work 3 rows, ending with a p. row.

Shape Centre Back. 1st row.—Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts., k. to end.

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—Cast off 6 sts., k. to end.

4th row.—P.

Now still keeping outside edge straight, dec. 1 st. on every row at centre back edge until there are 95 (100, 105) sts. left, 1 st. on every alternate row until there are 88 (92, 96) sts. left, 1 st. on every 4th row until there are 78 (82, 86) sts. left, and then 1 st. on every 6th row until there are 75 (79, 83) sts. left.

Work 5 rows.

Commence Waist Dart. 1st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 31 (33, 35), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

7th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 29 (31, 33), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

13th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 27 (29, 31), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

19th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 25 (27, 29), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

25th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 23 (25, 27), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Work 5 rows.

31st row.—K. 2 tog., k. 21 (23, 25), sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

Now decreasing once more at centre back edge on the following 6th row, cast off at the beg. of next and alternate rows 9 (10, 11) sts. 4 times and 10 sts. twice.

THE RIGHT BACK

Work as for left back, reversing all shapings.

THE WAISTBAND

With No. 11 needles cast on 14 sts.

Work in st.st. until band measures required length. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with warm iron and damp cloth. Using a narrow backstitch, sew centre seams on front and back. Sew inside leg seams. Fold turn-ups on to wrong side and slip stitch. Sew open edges.

Sew side seams, leaving 5½ ins. open on left side from waist and 7 ins. open on each side from hemmed edges.

Press seams.

Fold slacks, matching all leg seams and press well.

Commencing at bottom edge on front of right leg, work 1 row of double crochet along crease, inserting the crochet hook sideways through each alternate stitch.

Work the 3 remaining creases in the same way, commencing at bottom on left back, and at waist on the left front and right back.

Work 2 rows of double crochet round leg slits, omitting turn-ups, making 4 loops equally spaced on each side of slit in the 2nd row for lacing.

Make a pleat ¾ in. deep at crease on either side of front, fold away from centre and tack in position.

Sew on waistband.

Sew in zip fastener.

Sew elastic to waistband on wrong side, overstitching both edges. Turn in narrow edges ¼ in. and sew on hook and eye.

Press.

With white wool, make a twisted cord and lace through loops at leg slits.

END

Economics And The Ideal Kitchen (*Continued from page 41*)

money he has already received for it. As the buyer is, in law, only the hirer while the agreement is still running, he may, subject to certain conditions, return goods he no longer wants.

Just before the war, Parliament passed a Hire-Purchase Act which applies only to goods whose hire purchase price is not more than £100. It lays down that if the hirer does not pay instalments as they become due, the seller may take back goods on which less than one-third of the total hire-purchase price has been paid. But if he has already received one-third or more of the price, he must get Court sanction before he can take possession of them.

Of course, no firm of good standing would take advantage of temporary misfortune such as unforeseen illness or unemployment, to seize goods for which payment is overdue. Usually they are only too willing to come to a reasonable arrangement with customers in distress. Indeed, some companies are beginning to adopt the American custom of taking out an insurance on the agreements so that if a customer, through no fault of his own, cannot carry out his part of the bargain, the Insurance Company pays up for him. But this is by no means a widespread practice yet, and time alone will show whether it will become as popular as it deserves to be.

If the hirer, on the other hand, decides he no longer wants the goods, he is free to return them to the shop at any time, provided he has already paid, or pays one-half of the total price. If he has paid more than half the price, the seller is not bound to refund the difference, so returning goods is not a wise move, but few people are likely to start to buy an expensive article unless they are certain they really want it.

At the time of writing, the Hire-Purchase Act only covers goods valued at less than £100, but a Private Member's Bill is now before Parliament proposing that the Act should be extended to cover goods up to the H.P. value of £300.

When a hire-purchase agreement does not come within the scope of the Act, the terms for the reclaiming or returning of the goods are usually fixed by the seller, and will usually be clearly set out in a printed agreement. Take careful note of them, and if they seem unjust or one-sided do not sign the contract. Honest firms do not make unfair terms.

In 1952 the Government made an Order regulating hire-purchase agreements on certain articles, but unlike the Hire-Purchase Act, the object of the order is not to safeguard the interest of buyer or seller; it is part of the Government's general credit policy. It succeeds simply by making the hire-purchase terms so burdensome that few people can afford to buy. Amongst the kitchen equipment covered by this Order are washing and washing-up machines, wringers, floor polishers, vacuum cleaners, water softeners, refrigerators and food mixers.

Should you want to buy any of these on a hire-purchase agreement, you must make an initial payment of one-third the total cash price and pay the balance within eighteen months. These goods are also subject to the prewar Act as well.

On page 41 there are photographs of new furniture and equipment suitable for an ideal kitchen, together with a table giving details of the total cost involved in buying them by instalments. We chose the North Thames Gas Board as suppliers of the gas cooker and the London Electricity Board for the refrigerator and washing machine, obtainable by hire-purchase. Finch and Co. Ltd., Eastern Avenue, Ilford, supply Warwick kitchen units on deferred terms. So the ideal kitchen is not so far out of reach after all!

END

People And Pets (*Continued from page 15*)

a serious and harmful mistake—to get for the kiddies a pet which neither you nor they can take care of properly. What that means as a rule, is that your pet will be ill-housed, ill-nourished and ill-treated (from its point of view) and that it will die in the end—die miserably. That example is bad for youngsters. It gives them a false sense of power and a low value of life, along with a callousness toward suffering. The chief worth of pets should be the very opposite.

Dogs and cats have been with genus homo for tens of thousands of years. That is the reason they make the best pets—that, together with the fact that they have a very high order of intelligence.

To most people, "pet" means dog or cat, hence I shall discuss them first. As a lover of both, I unhesitatingly recommend either one to the pet-desiring family. Cats are fascinating and can live well almost anywhere. The companionability, loyalty, teachability and affection of dogs is too well known to demand comment here. When my daughter was a few months old, I bought a sheep dog. My child was as safe on a blanket in the farm orchard with the dog on guard, as she would have been with a trained nurse.

But you will notice that we had a sheep dog when we had a *farm*! The dog loved to run—as did the Dane we had later. We had acres of our own—as well as all the free countryside—for the enjoyment of those dogs. In cities, it's different. And here begins the first great argument about pets.

To be sure, a huge, outdoor type of dog would rather live with its master in a city flat, with a daily walk or two along a traffic-swept road, than to *lose its master*. Many big dogs are "happy" in confined quarters—because the people to whom they belong live in those quarters. That fact has been offered as proof that you can own a dog of any size or sort no matter where you live—and the dog will be perfectly satisfied.

The real point is quite different. A great many sorts of dogs are far, far happier with all outdoors for their territory—or, at least, with a big garden to range in. If all you can offer a dog is a flat and a nearby park (where you are required to keep him leashed) why not buy the kind of dog that will fit such a modest range and be completely satisfied?

The proper way for city-dwellers to examine themselves in this matter is to ask, Do I want a dog for *both* our sakes? or, Do I merely want to be the arrogant owner of a Doberman, or a German Shepherd, or a St. Bernard? If pride of breed enters into what you think of as the choice of a pet, then you're not really considering the pet, but yourself alone. You are not buying a dog to love—but to be stuck-up about and to impress other people.

That has *nothing* to do with owning a *pet*!

However, for all persons who have a true interest in, and a genuine affection for animals—there *is* a kind suitable for every family. The kingdom of fishes, for instance, offers a world of fascination and instruction. A goldfish in a bowl may be a dull companion in the opinion of many persons; if it happens to be the only pet you can conveniently maintain, its interest grows proportionately.

Others prefer birds.

But I am *personally averse to caged pets of all sorts*. Birds have wings and I suspect they enjoy the freedom to fly extensively. At various times, I have seen various birds snatch a sudden opportunity to escape from a cage and fly away—never to return.

But there is a far more fabulous way, for people interested in birds, to make pets of them—than by buying a caged one.

Wild birds live everywhere—even in the heart of big cities—and wild birds can readily be semi-domesticated. Provide them with a dependable source of food, a place to drink and bathe, some shelter from the elements—and you will have pets galore, free!

These are not "pets" in the sense that they can be picked up and patted. But it is very gratifying to have them around: tame, confident, assured, but *uncaged*.

To my way of thinking, the best pets are such "wild" ones, left in their environment. To become friends with the living things in the *undomesticated* world—that's my idea of the great experience. And it is possible to a degree that staggers the imagination!

I'm not sure but that, granted the right environment and technique, you could make a "pet" of fair sorts out of *any* living thing. There is an entomologist, for example, who has pet tarantulas. I knew a ten-year-old boy with a pet *shark*.

The reader, at this point, may feel that, in discussing "pets" I have talked a good deal of forms of life out of the question for the average family in the average home. But every library abounds with books on the nature, needs and habits of living things. And anything alive, if observed and learned, is of absorbing interest.

Even a beetle can make a fine pet!

But why should we bother? What is the *reason* for keeping pets? They are demanding; they waste endless time; all pets mean responsibility. And the best pets—sooner or later—*die*. Why, then, get a living thing—or things—that will make much trouble—come to be loved—and eventually perish, with attendant grief?

Here, in sum, is what the psychologists say:

First of all, a child "repeats" as it grows up, the cultural evolution of the human race. The child of four or five is a "savage"; the child of eight or ten, still a "primitive" person. To children, the world of Nature is a normal world. Some of the greatest lessons man has learned come from his early association with Nature and with elemental life.

The proper care of a pet—the development of a suitably respectful and yet affectionate attitude toward other beings—begins naturally, in a child, with relations to lowly forms of life. A child does not have adult standards. It cannot always know, for instance, when it "hurts" its parents. But it can know when it hurts its pup or kitten. And from that humble, direct learning of compassion, it can make the step to psychological compassion—to civilized "humanity."

In a sense, all that people do (except "think"—which, alas, not many adults try very hard to do!) is done by the lesser animals. Animals eat, sleep, build homes, fly, swim, reproduce, rear their young—and so on. They respond to kindness, to attention, to affection, to unaggressive interest. Man's "humanity" is thus mirrored in the kingdom of beasts.

Pets owned and raised to reflect the glory of the owner alone—and to give the owner a cheap sense of power—are pets used to degrade people, whether adult or young.

But pets raised for the equal good of their owner and the pets themselves—supply a means to character-building that cannot be excelled. To give a child that is old enough a suitable pet, is to give the child a sample of life itself—its rewards, its duties, its fundamental meanings.

Through pets, the child also becomes acquainted in the most normal fashion with the basic experiences. The child that proudly watches his own guppies hatched alive will not balk and jitter when he comes to learn how he entered the world. The little girl whose cocker is bred in the garden and gives birth in the garage has an insight into motherhood that will go a very long way, indeed, toward preventing the neurotic attitudes common amongst grown-ups.

A child, surrounded by living things for which it has learned the proper regard, will transfer that attitude toward people. Of course, a few *apparent* "animal lovers" are mean and cruel to their fellows. But close scrutiny will show that such "lovers" of animals actually love themselves *only*.

A proper attitude, a loving but not a sentimentalist attitude toward pets is, finally, the foundation for the courage with which all people should face life. Much can be discovered about a child when its pet dies. If the child merely sheds a somewhat angered tear, throws the corpse in the dustbin—and buys a new pet— (*Continued on page 80*)

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take steps to correct dry skin

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April Reading (*Continued from page* 48)

but I was interested in Rom Landau's reactions as lecturer in **"Among The Americans"** (Hale, 21s.). He had heard all the cracks about them, but found them earnestly intelligent and honestly anxious to exclude malice and littleness. "We members," said the president of one, "simply love one another. Affection and love are our motto, and we are all the dearest of friends, and never deny anything one to another." Mr. Landau looked round the audience but saw not a blush on any face, though there was possibly one on his. . . . We learn a lot about American life today from this thoughtful, reflective traveller.

Lord Grantley has had a lively career, both in the City and in film production, known a host of famous people, and loves yarning about them. In his memoirs, **"Silver Spoon"** (Hutchinson, 18s.), we find non-smoker G.B.S. reproving him for dropping a cigarette-end on his flower-bed, Noël Coward saying "I've no superstitions except that I don't like sleeping thirteen in a bed," Frederick Lonsdale saying during the war, "I think I shall go to Japan. . . . Because I'm so yellow that I won't be noticed there." Altogether a most entertaining retrospect of the "good old days."

Tudor times, too, I suppose, were "good" in their way—at least for men, whose dress was dominatingly masculine, outshining women's. C. W. and Phillis Cunnington's **"Handbook Of English Costume In The Sixteenth Century"** (Faber, 30s.) is an expert survey, with drawings by Barbara Phillipson and colour plate, but for 220 pages possibly overpriced?

I have always had an affection for St. John's Wood. Shadier folk can haunt its trees than the Edwardian ex-country parson and baronet of Ernest Raymond's novel, **"To The Wood No More"** (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), who retires there with wife and daughter to enjoy his remaining years and bumps into some queer fauna, from eccentrics and psychics to bluff Service types and ladies with pensionable pasts. Mr. Raymond is happily at home with the lovable cleric who, arriving at his theatre stall, absently drops to his knees to pray.

G. B. Stern should like it, for she has lived in the Wood for years; but she sites the hero of her own **"Johnny Forsaken"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) on the South Coast where at fifty, he is solicitor's chief clerk and vice-president of the amateur dramatic society. Dramatics can bring one up against temperamental cyclones—in his case, Eugenia Czelovar of the Rakonitz family, who whirls him out of his comfortable groove and leaves him wondering what hit him. A gay tale.

It is not inconceivable that in an Anatolian village during the 1921 Greco-Turkish War the peasants putting on a Passion play should identify themselves with their parts and play out the drama in stark reality.

That is the ambitious theme of **"Christ Recrucified"** (Bruno Cassirer, Oxford, and Faber), translated from the Greek of Nikos Kazantzakis, who wrote *Zorba The Greek*. No political Golgotha can vie with the Testament one, but this 470-page story, conceived in the grand manner, has poetry, epic breadth.

Benedict Kiely's **"Honey Seems Bitter"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) might almost refer to beer, for there is much drinking in this Irish tale of village and Dublin life. Two men, a young neurotic civil servant and a handsome, womanizing pressman, become involved in a girl's murder, then in rivalry over another young woman. The story, like the teller newly in love, walks "as light-footed as a lamp-lighter" through bars, fights, the races and other Erin diversions.

William Saroyan's characters talk staccato, like jerky marionettes, and leave you feeling that you've been through a nightmare; but it's a poignantly tragic one in **"The Laughing Matter"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.), about a wife who tells her man she is to have another child, not his, and the emotional conflict that goes on even after her death from abortion. Strange people, these Fresno Yanks, a little mad from the sun; but they grip you.

Like Elswyth Thane's TV play, *Queen's Folly*, Norah Lofts's **"Bless This House"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) is the story of a house and its families from Elizabethan days to these; I like my history domiciled, my ghosts warm and friendly.

The best Australian novels stand up to any today. Mary Mitchell's **"Proof Of Victory"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) deals with the conflicts of love and money in a country town family.

Eleanor Dark's **"No Barrier"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) continues her Mannion family saga of the early settlers. Tales like these take us right into the lives of Aussie folk, past and present, and tell us more than textbooks.

Also recommended for this month:

"Weekend At Hurtmore," by Mary Lutyens (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"A Child In The Theatre,"** by Rachel Ferguson (Benn, 6s.). **"Cape Of Shadows,"** by Henry Gibbs (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.). **"Thunder On St. Paul's Day,"** by Jane Lane (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"The Girl From Taiping,"** by Henry C. James (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.). **"That Yew Tree's Shade,"** by Cyril Hare (Faber, 10s. 6d.). **"A House Of Her Own,"** by Robert F. Mirvish (Redman, 12s. 6d.). **"The Rogue From Padua,"** by Jay Williams (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.).

END

Digging Up The Past (*Continued from page* 16)

and outside, a rather unsavoury closet euphemistically described as the *meros*—the "place." (I repeat, no running water.)

One midsummer evening in the quickly vanishing southern twilight I arrived over four miles of rough track with another girl.

"Up these stairs," said the archaeologist, leading us to a rickety stairway outside another little house, "and the whole flat is yours." I don't know whether he meant to be funny. In the dark we stumbled up to a terrace roof and two dirty rooms with no lighting, entirely empty. Camp beds *were* produced, and I always slept on the roof.

In Greece the stars seem huge. But nights out-of-doors were far from peaceful. About 4 a.m. there was a violent ochreous dawn out over the sea. At five-thirty or so the sun burst over the hillside like a football and you knew it was nearly time to get up.

A sketchy wash from the water-jar in a tin basin and downstairs for a hasty cup of tea before the day's drudgery. Nobody was very gay at five minutes to six. The immediate future was not bright: five hours in the trenches, then probably sorting potsherds until lunchtime, a brief siesta, out for three more hours in the hottest part of the day.

Breakfast at seven-thirty, in half-an-hour snatched from work; lunch and dinner at the *taverna*, a kind of general store, back and forth over the burning stony beach; endless sorting of pottery. Everlastingly aching feet; a higher consumption of coffee than anywhere in the world; a hasty swim in the bay . . . and when possible, a moment just to look about and think how beautiful it was.

Yes, a very exhausting, dirty, worrying, overcrowded few weeks. But would I go again?—I'm just waiting for next summer. (Photograph of the ruined temple, is by Allan Cash.)

END

People And Pets (*Continued from page* 79)

we can be certain that that child hasn't yet learned the right lessons of loving. On the other hand, if the child goes into a black decline, weeps inconsolably for days, and rejects all offers of a new companion—we can know that child has been made, by its parents, *over-sentimental*.

The death of a child's pet is, most frequently, its first real experience of death. How it reacts is a measure of *parental* maturity. Death is sad, certainly. It is a loss, a deprivation, a departure. But it is *not* an *unendurable* tragedy. If it were, nobody could face living. When a loved pet perishes—of old age or through accident—adults have a superb opportunity to show consciously the depth of *their own philosophy*! For life must go on, the world must go on, people must go on, character must survive sorrow.

Yet I have seen some parents go into "mourning" for a scottie or a tabby with a violence and a disregard of proportion that must have engraved on the minds of their youngsters a frightening picture. I have even seen so-called adults grieve more over the demise of a pet than over the death of a parent! Yet no inordinate degree of mourning expresses real love for the recently living animal or human being. Indeed, over-indulged grief is more often an exhibit of guilt for a *lack* of love tendered during life!

It is that pets teach children not only the primal lesson of birth, and the basic lessons of emotional relationship, but the final lesson inherent in death. They teach these lessons—that is if the parents know the lessons, themselves. For pets, from the parental standpoint, should be used continuously as symbols of the secrets of human conduct.

If they are not understood in that deep, true way—they can, by default, "teach" cruelty, selfishness, meanness, pride, and other vices. It may thus be said that pets—from the dumbest frog to the smartest dog—furnish in the home a different, alive *dimension* in which to teach and learn—life.

It boils down to a rather simple proposition—even from the scientific (or psychological) standpoint. If you know enough about life to have pets—if you love life and understand it—you will surely have pets. If you have children, you will introduce them to the living world. And the experience will be a constant benefit to you and to them.

But if you deplore or fear pets, hate animals, feel skittish with dogs, shudder at bugs, and leap on chairs when snakes exit from the pockets of small boys—pets are not for you or for your children. You have missed the meaning of life at its core—and your kids will have to find it, if they ever do, without any help from you.

Unless, of course, you reform and start gently, gingerly—perhaps as a grown-up with a goldfish—trying to make contact at long last with a world that should have been yours all your life. With Creation itself.

END

1.4.54

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